

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE women's committee for the purchase and presentation of the Duchess of Cornwall's lovely souvenir found that \$1,532.30 had been collected, while the gift of the Duchess had only cost \$1,358.50. After deducting the cost of the illuminated address, etc., it was found that there was a balance on hand of \$146.70, which was promptly presented to the Home for Incurable Children in Avenue Road. Of course it was highly proper for the women of Toronto to present a handsome souvenir to Her Royal Highness, but the figures look a trifle disproportionate:

For the Duchess \$1,358.50
For the incurable children 146.70

I do not intend in the slightest degree to criticize the cost of the gift, but to simply call attention to the fact that it is much easier to raise money for a banquet, a gift or a celebration than for the most deserving charity. It can no doubt be explained by a couple of somewhat disconnected quotations from Scripture, "The poor ye have always with you," and "To him that hath shall be given."

THE treasurer of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church of this city has forwarded to the City Treasurer a cheque for \$587.50 as an instalment on the \$850 of taxes which this church pays of its own accord on the annual levy. For many years the Jarvis Street Baptist Church has proven that it does not belong to that large and dangerous class known as tax-dodgers, by sending to the city authorities its annual cheque and a protest against all exemptions. The money they have paid in and the interest thereon must already amount to a sum sufficient to build a handsome edifice, but this good example has apparently been wasted if bringing other denominations to a similar view was the object aimed at. This, however, should not be considered as the final test of success or failure. The Jarvis Street Baptist Church, in this instance at least, is letting its light so shine as to afford an example to others, while at the same time the congregation can sit in their pews with a clear conscience of duty done, no matter whether others see it in the same light or not.

At the annual convention of the Baptist denomination held at Brantford recently, it appears that the revenue of McMaster University is not holding its own, while the cost of conducting it is increasing. The salary bill of the arts department for the year is \$11,716.78, and the cost of the theological department is nearly as great. Deducting the fees, the net cost of the arts department to the University was \$8,468.64. If the Baptist brethren could see their way clear to affiliate McMaster with Toronto University, the cost of the arts department would be saved to them and a deficit caused by insufficient revenue avoided, while an additional revenue of between three and four thousand dollars a year would greatly strengthen the faculty of Toronto University and provide the students of both with improved instructors, and probably somewhat widen the horizon of those who are now getting their education in a purely denominational institution.

FEW weeks ago the daily papers published details of a particularly revolting and horrible lynching at Paris, Texas, where a negro, one Henry Smith, was burned to death, after being tortured with red-hot irons, for the alleged murder of a four-year-old girl. Both the phonograph and camera, it was stated, had been put to use by some enterprising fiend for the purpose of turning to commercial advantage the awful details of the wretch's sufferings. The pictures and cylinders were making all kinds of money for their owner in the Southern States, the negroes themselves taking a morbid delight in the horrible show. No one would have imagined, however, that such an exhibition would be tolerated either by public taste or by the law in this country. Yet for almost a week past these photographs have been prominently exhibited in a cigar store window near one of the busiest corners in Toronto, and a stone's throw from police headquarters, while inside the store the phonograph has repeated in the ears of hundreds of men and boys the screams and groans of the tortured man. Some idea of the character of this exhibition, permitted to go on by the police, can best be formed by those who have neither patronized "the show" nor would deign to degrade their senses by doing so, from the following sign (one of many such) displayed before the cigar store:

HEAR THE NEGRO YELL AND PLEAD
FOR WATER AS THE FLAMES SLOWLY
CONSUME HIM. YOU CAN HEAR IT
INSIDE. GET YOUR TICKET AT THE
COUNTER AND HEAR IT. THIS WEEK
ONLY.

This, be it understood, was but one of many such signs obtruding themselves on the notice of passers-by. Among those who had not ventured to listen to the phonograph an idea was prevalent that the whole thing was probably a manufactured "fake," but this notion was soon dispelled by purchasing a ticket and placing one's ear to the instrument. There is no question that the record is authentic. For pure horror the thing was beyond words. The yells and curses of the mob, the screams and pleas for mercy of the slowly-roasted negro, combined in a babel so blood-curdling as to be comparable to nothing short of a glimpse into hell itself. It is inconceivable how law-abiding Canadians retaining the least vestige of self-respect could listen to so hideous a thing without having their gorge rise and being betrayed into an attack on the machine and its operator. That such an attraction could play to big business in the heart of a city that boasts of its schools and churches, and that is regarded as being the center of culture in the Dominion, suggests some very unpleasant reflections. To what extent are the people of this country serious in denouncing the deeds of Southern mobs, seeing that in an enlightened Canadian city, hundreds can find pleasure in flocking to see and hear what purports to be a true-to-life reproduction of one of the most awful excesses of mob trial on record? Is there any indecency to which present-day commercialism will not descend for an advertising dodge or in order to make a dollar? If so, what is the limit?

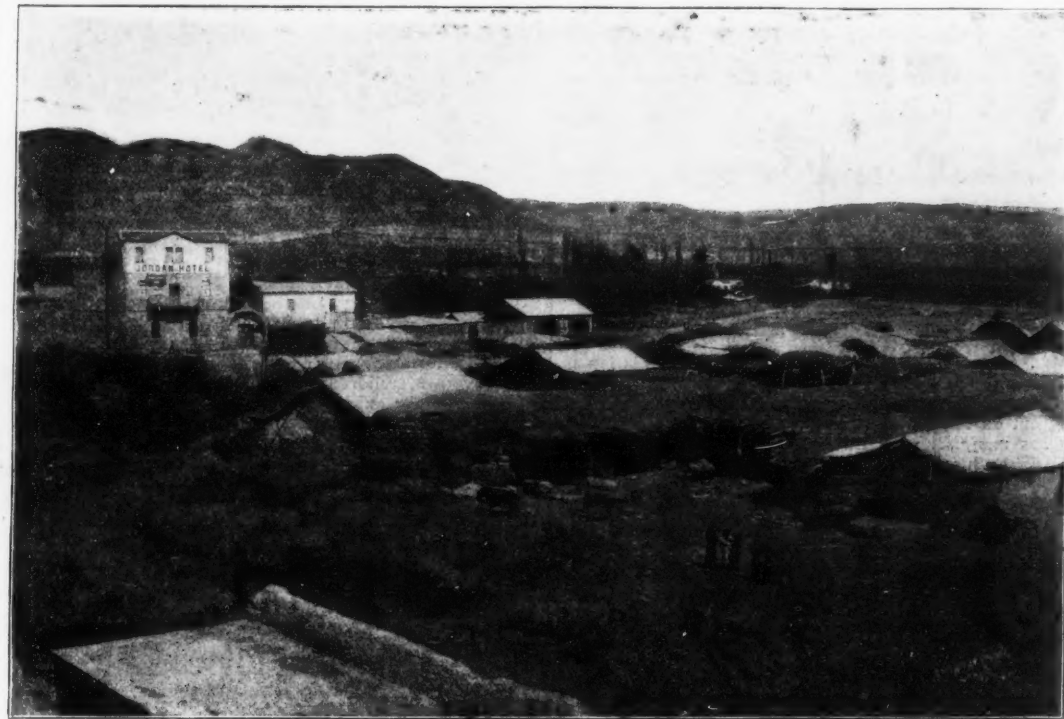
Since the above was in type, a member of "Saturday Night's" staff who had, in the public interests, investigated the show, called on Inspector Archibald to ascertain if he was aware of what was going on. The Inspector had not heard of the matter, although policemen are constantly on duty at the corner where the improper exhibition was running wide open during several days and nights. The public can draw conclusions as to the wide-awake attitude of the Morality Department in such matters. In the present case, as a result of the representations of the newspaper man, Crown Attorney Curry was communicated with and closed up the show, confiscating the cylinders and the phonograph and ordering the pictures and signs removed. The question is, if an individual not connected with the police force had failed to take the initiative, how long would the Morality Department have been in discovering and suppressing the degrading and horrible show? "Saturday Night" is not in the habit of boasting of its achievements, but in this case I think it can fairly take credit for

having closed up the most disreputable exhibition that ever came into the country.

WHILE Lady Aberdeen was Governor-General and reigned in Rideau Hall, it reports current at the time were true it was her custom to treat her servants with about the same degree of cordiality and intimacy as she showed to her guests. The ladies of the Capital when they heard that the occupant of Rideau Hall occasionally took five o'clock tea with her servants, predicted disaster amongst their own domestics as a result. When Lady Aberdeen, in Montreal and elsewhere, took it upon herself to champion the cause of the servant girl, those who understood the problem in this country better than the reformer who was only sojourning here, were much offended, and said to one another that it was all very well for a woman who had a retinue of thirty or forty servants and attaches, to make fantastic rules, but the women of Canada who struggled along with one domestic, or perhaps had two or three, would find it impossible to live up to such an expensive and impractical ideal. Many of Lady Aberdeen's efforts to establish societies to prevent something or to force people to do something, were practically failures, but the movement she set on foot in Ottawa seems to have taken root. They now have an organization consisting of the kitchen ladies of the Capital known as the Houseworkers' Association, and at the present moment it is struggling to make itself felt in a way which will doubtless make its ex-vice-regal patroness glow with pride. It has been so difficult to obtain female domestic help in the city that Hon. Mr. Blair, Minister of Railways, has consented to the employment of Chinese servants at his private residence. This has so scandalized Union No. 1 of the Amalgamated Order of Cooks, Chambermaids and Laundresses that a resolution has been

the laboring men were concerned. No tangle grievance had been urged; the strike is said to have been purely sentimental and in violation of contracts. The shipping damage that port for years to come. The fruit-growers and farmers who could not have their products moved were forced to let them rot in the fields, and those who had previously been the warmest supporters of the Exclusion Act are now clamoring for coolie labor. The farmers and fruit-growers had never sympathized with the presence of the Chinese, who by their labor made it possible for the big ranchmen to undersell those who cultivated small holdings. Now the small farmers are bitter on account of the losses caused by the strikes, and are certain at least to join in no agitation to prevent the importation of cheap and docile labor. In the Southern States there is a movement on foot to import coolies to replace untractable negroes, and the South, with its great agricultural interests, cannot be relied upon to be even passive, as heretofore, during the discussion of such a bill; they may be counted as being in favor of it, together with their section of the Democratic party. In the Eastern and Middle States the sympathy for and against is about of equal weight, so neither the Republican nor Democratic party can be relied upon to make exclusion of the Chinese a plank in their platform, while the Pacific States, from which the agitation originally came, will be about evenly divided.

I have quoted as fairly as I could the forecast presented by some of the ablest newspapers of the West and far West on this subject, simply to show how easily organized labor, for the sake of winning small victories, may throw away enormous advantages. Here in Canada the question is taking a deeper hold than the majority of people would suspect, and therefore the fight which is being made against Hon. Mr. Blair on account of his Chinese servants cannot



MODERN JERICHO.

(See page 7.)

adopted protesting against a Minister of the Crown having aught to do with the "heathen Chinese." It is said that they will distribute a circular in all the leading cities of Canada in which their will will be set forth, relying on the trade and labor associations to take the matter up and do the rest.

It is not a cheering thought to the householder that before long the walking delegates of servant girls' unions will be going from house to house making the none too contented occupants of the kitchen more unsettled, and enquiring into the rules, regulations and habits of the people whose dinner is on the stove. It is hard enough now to obtain competent household help, but if unions of this sort ever become popular, the last vestige of discipline and contentment will disappear from those who have the peace and well-being of the family so much in charge. If the ranks of the labor unionists are recruited in the way proposed, the leaders of the organizations representing workingmen should have enough foresight to see that nothing but disaster to their own cause can possibly result by the added social discontent of the new movement. All those who employ domestics would be more or less disturbed, and many of them would naturally turn, as the Minister of Railways appears to have done, towards the employment of Chinamen. The number of Celestials now in Canada under such circumstances would be altogether too small to meet the demand, and the law which is now in force imposing a heavy license for the entry of a Chinaman into the Dominion would doubtless be repealed. I do not deny that this would be a disaster, morally and economically, but such disasters almost invariably follow any attempt at tyranny on the part of either labor or capital.

A strong instance of this is to be found in the changed sentiment of the United States with regard to the Act excluding Chinese and coolie labor. Nearly twenty years ago Chinamen were about the only servants on the Pacific coast, and a labor agitation mildly endorsed in the Eastern and Central States, and unopposed in the Southern States, was able to pass and put in force for ten years the Exclusion Act, which is, of course, a Federal measure. The condition of vice and degradation on the Pacific slope caused by the living in close and unsanitary quarters of so many Chinese, was so greatly improved at the end of the first ten years that the Exclusion Act was re-enacted for another ten years, which term is about ending. Newspapers in the far West are now discussing the probability of extending the Exclusion Act for another ten years, but apparently see serious obstacles in the way of its re-enactment. The diplomatic relations of the United States with China would be seriously endangered if the door of Yankeeedom were again slammed in the face of the Celestial at the time that Washington is clamoring for an open door to China. The Republican party has never been warmly in favor of exclusion, and the expansionist policy of the Government has made it impossible to exclude Filipinos, who might come to San Francisco by the hundreds of thousands and not be missed from the islands. The most dangerous feature, however, to the extension of the exclusion bill is the record which union labor has made for itself in California during the past year. The "sympathetic" strike of longshoremen and teamsters, protracted for months at a loss of millions of dollars to both the men and the employers, has just come to an ignominious close as far as

be regarded as merely a piece of backstairs gossip, particularly as the conditions on our own Pacific coast and throughout Canada approach so nearly to those on the other side of the line.

If there is one thing I detest more than another, it is trying to ring someone up at the telephone. Under the best circumstances it is annoying to look through the book and over the list for a number, ring up, and then be told the line is in use; still worse, after having waited a few minutes and forgetting the number, to go through the same performance again, hear nothing but a mixture of buzzing and jabbering at the other end, and then be left contemplating the hole into which you had expected to be pouring your esteemed conversation. After feeling cheap and stupid for a few minutes, one makes another onslaught and gets an ear full of buzz and a syllable or two of unintelligible talk. Then there is further contemplation of the office, a gone feeling followed by heat, and a desire to kick the thing off the wall. At this point I generally ring up Central and ask the operator to state plainly whether the line is in use or not. The operator as a rule requests me to repeat the number for which I had asked. Of course by this time I have forgotten it, and I get rung off as if I were a common disturber of the peace. After much further labor and several disconnected quotations from Scripture, I get Central again, and thank heaven that someone answers the phone. The discovery that I have been given the wrong number causes me to yank the bell and cry out in reproachful wrath that I have been imposed upon. Having written down the number, I manage to give it promptly, and in tones trembling with affection demand a little more attention to business. Some more unintelligible syllables, I ring up again and am told, sometimes in spiteful tones, sometimes reproachfully, that the line is in use. I generally manage to get some sort of conversation going before I get through, but the amount of time and nerve force and patience which is exhausted makes the task a very distasteful one. I have sampled telephones in a good many different places, and I am confident that Toronto has as bad a service as there is in America, owing, no doubt, to the avarice of the company in giving the operators too much to do, the manager proudly claiming that some of the artists at Central only take four seconds to make a connection. In some parts of the city where the operators are not overworked it is fairly good, but taken on the whole, or Main as an instance, it is too rank, and would be even if it were cheap.

It is not cheap, and every effort is being made to make it dearer. If by any excuse a business rate can be charged for a private service, the increase is made. Teachers who receive pupils in their own houses, though they may not use a telephone as much as many private subscribers do, have had the price increased, and everywhere the greed of the monopoly is showing itself—the latest and most brazen instance being an offer of a decent modern telephone to replace the worn and antiquated instruments now in use, at five or ten dollars extra per year. Toronto seems to have been satisfied with its success in preventing a general increase of charges, and the agitation for a rival telephone company has for the time being dropped out of sight. It is this lull which is encouraging the telephone monopoly to grind its subscribers a little harder, and doubtless to

prepare for another attempt to raise rates all round. To get a telephone into a house adjacent to the city costs a hundred dollars a year, yet there is no outcry, though, as the following letter will show, relief could easily be had by encouraging a competitive company. The letter speaks for itself:

"At this time, when our telephone service is anything but a satisfactory one, and daily getting worse, I should like to submit a few facts which have lately come under my notice, and ask if it would not be well for our city to have a local service. A professional gentleman living about ten miles from the center of the city of Cleveland, was using a Bell telephone for which he paid thirty-six dollars a year. Another company, the 'Cuyahoga,' was formed, and offered a service for twelve dollars a year. The Bell company dropped their rates of thirty-six dollars to twelve dollars. The result is that most houses have two telephones, the combined rate for both of which is considerably less than that of the original company while it held the monopoly. Knowing your attitude in all such matters of public interest, I shall be very pleased if you will give this letter space in your valuable paper."

CERTAIN suits brought by the city against the Toronto Railway Company have been dragging through the courts for two or three years, and now the company, seeing that the city is about to win, desires to effect a settlement which is likely to be acceptable to the authorities at the City Hall. It is certainly very aggravating, and if the city's contract with the company means anything, it is unnecessary, for Toronto to appear as plaintiff in the law courts every time it wants an additional car, a better one, or a more regular service. During the progress of the suits, which have apparently wearied the plaintiffs as well as the defendants, the company has been continuing to use many of the 100 worn-out cars complained of, and to take advantage of the non-enforcement of the rules that the city contended for. It pays the company to go to law and thus evade the more serious expenses which would be entailed by a proper fulfilment of the agreement. The city in its next attempt should be so radical and drastic as to make the company toe the line for once and for all time. For nearly a month the people of Toronto have been complaining without result of the changed and miserable service which they have been given, while the company, after saving money by violating the agreement, appears to have finally consented to do what it should have been made to do from the beginning, or pay a heavy penalty. Flimsy verbal promises, made probably to affect the approaching elections, should not be relied upon. The company would no doubt like to see the present Mayor re-elected, as he has disturbed them to such a trifling extent, and no doubt without any collusion on his part, are prepared to act very prettily and with much consideration, as if he had forced them to yield, until after the election, in order to lord it over the city again for the better part of next year, when the same sort of tactics will no doubt be renewed.

I had till recently contended that we had been given a reasonably good service, and that many of those who made complaint did so without cause, on account of an isolated grievance, or simply to satisfy the spleen caused by seeing the monopoly making so much money without taking any chances. The recent disruption of the old time-table, the irregularity of the cars, the suddenness with which they stop and start, and the brief time given to get aboard or alight, are annoyances which everyone has experienced, and the whole city is now making a justifiable and vigorous kick. The company tell us that in the great cities of the United States the stoppages are much more brief than they are in Toronto, that women are not permitted to say goodbye to one another half a dozen times after the car stops before the departing passenger alights. This is quite true, but Toronto is not New York, where the cars follow one another so rapidly that a swift procession must be kept up or the whole line congested. A crowded car on Broadway may sweep past you, but half a minute's wait will give you a chance at another. Nowadays if we miss a car in Toronto we may have to wait five or ten minutes on the best served line in the city. Across-town cars and those which are intended to serve those having transfers, seem to run when they like, and many of their conductors have no idea of waiting even for a second for a transfer passenger, who consequently has to stand and wait for another car for from five to twenty minutes. Every detail of the arrangement is irritating, and the public are thoroughly justified in adopting any legitimate means to force the company to properly attend to the traffic. People are not so anxious for rapid transit as they are to catch a car and not have to stand on the street corners. On Broadway, New York, it is almost altogether a business traffic; throughout Toronto the majority of fares collected, except at the beginning and close of the day and at lunch hour, are from people who are by no means in a hurry, as they are out on social or domestic errands, or attending to something which is unlikely to suffer if three or four extra minutes are spent on the trip. The time-card, now disregarded, should be strictly adhered to so that those anxious to catch trains may know exactly at what minute to be on their street corner in order to arrive at the station in plenty of time.

There are many ways in which the people of Toronto can individually inflict the penalty of their disapprobation upon the greedy company now "promising" to do all they are asked. In the first place, everyone is entitled to refuse to put a ticket in the teapot which is shoved under one's nose. All they have to do is to tender their fare to the conductor. Whether he puts it in the teapot or in his pocket is an affair between him and the company. If the people acted together in this matter the company would not hold out for a week, so great would be their suspected loss. Thousands of people every day jump on and off the cars while they are slowing up, instead of waiting for them to stop. A well treated man is a good-natured animal, and his first impulse is to save time and trouble—an ill treated man can be very cantankerous and cause much delay. Each one has a right to insist upon the car being brought to a full stop and that reasonable time be allowed each person to get on or off. The hurried manner in which this is generally done is not because people are in such a hurry, but for the reason that the conductor is ready to pull the bell-cord and looks pained or sour if there is any delay. Now that the matter is being thoroughly discussed, everyone must admit that the average conductor does little or nothing for the welfare of the passenger, even in forcing people who are occupying too much space to make room for one who has no seat at all—though of course to this rule there are many courteous and praiseworthy exceptions. It is natural that as the company despises the public the employees are learning to do likewise.

Taken altogether, the majority of the passengers on Toronto's cars are as careful not to give the company trouble or cause them delay as if they were country people visiting the city for the first time. The whoop and hurrah of the conductors often sounds to me like boys driving cattle rather than the conduct of servants who are doing the work of a well paid corporation for the accommodation of the public. No matter what mayoralty and aldermanic candidates or the company promise, the work of bringing

the railway sharply to time will depend upon individual effort either on the cars or at the polls. If the daily papers would indicate some line of conduct which would be certain to bring the company to time, the whole city could easily be induced to adopt such a policy, for we must all acknowledge that the company has been misbehaving itself in a way which is not to be tolerated.

Official letter-writing and half-baked suggestions as to getting on at one end of the car and off at the other are making the City Hall outfit look as cheap and empty as an old tomato-can. Start a suit to annul the company's charter for breach of contract—that would make their stock drop like a shot and hit them where they can feel! Quit bluffing like a lot of society women trying to play poker; take the people feel better than the thought that a lot of municipal old maids at the City Hall are making the citizens a joke around the railway offices, while they, gentle spinners, are taking out their typewritten curl-papers and trying on a new style of belt-line corsets.

THE self-inflicted death of Nicholas Flood Davin, ex-M.P., was a mournful conclusion to an eventful life. Personally he had an exceedingly large acquaintance and his name was known from one end of the Dominion to the other. In the House of Commons, of which he had been a member for many years until 1900, he was a frequent speaker, and his strength and grace of diction were more admired than the subject matter of the majority of his somewhat too frequent and too prolonged discourses. A companionable man, he was popular; much more learned than many of his colleagues, he was apt in quotations, and his experience was so wide that few cared to meet him in a purely literary debate. His was so strangely constituted a nature that to record an honest opinion of his place and worth in the world would probably leave the writer of such an estimate open to the charge of uncharity. That one shall speak nothing but good of the dead has so long been one of our conventionalities that those who fail to heed the letter of what was intended to be a gentle law are almost invariably accused of personal animosity, smallness of vision, and an unforgiving spirit. Tied down by this code, which it seems to me was intended simply as a warning against spitefulness and the impulse to ruthlessly reveal private and hidden personal weaknesses, it is usual to indulge in nothing but kindly references to the best traits of a dead man's character, to omit or ignore that which was most striking in his personality, and to wind up with placid condolences with those who are left behind to mourn. In the best man, save One, some bad has always been found, and in the worst of the race it has not been impossible to discover some good. It is only by contrasting the better and worse elements of a man's character that we can arrive at a proper conclusion as to his worth, and it seems to me to be a friend or a public man who has departed, that nothing but kindly generalities is considered in good form unless we can afford to write a panegyric.

Nicholas Flood Davin's life and work afford evidence of a strong personality that ran into overweening egotism, which his kindness of nature prevented from being offensive. He delighted in turning clever phrases, and frequently his stinging words, inserted for a purely rhetorical purpose, belied the gentleness of a many-sided disposition. Perhaps, unfortunately for him, he was one of those who not infrequently display the presence of genius by brilliant and startling sayings, astonishing repartee and moving eloquence. The recognition of this by the public and the great impression which his own brilliance made upon himself, more or less unfitted him for the ordinary avocations of life. He desired to be always brilliant, always in the public eye, and felt that fortune had no favors which he should not share. In journalism, literature, law, politics and society he occasionally flashed as a star of magnitude, but he could not endure an eclipse. Constitutionally he could not be content, even when occasion demanded it, with toiling quietly towards success at any of the tasks which he at various times undertook. Probably he lacked that substratum of hard common-sense which is so often missing in men who are almost great, or possibly he was not possessed of that small ability which enables a man to provide for to-morrow by using a little sacrifice to-day.

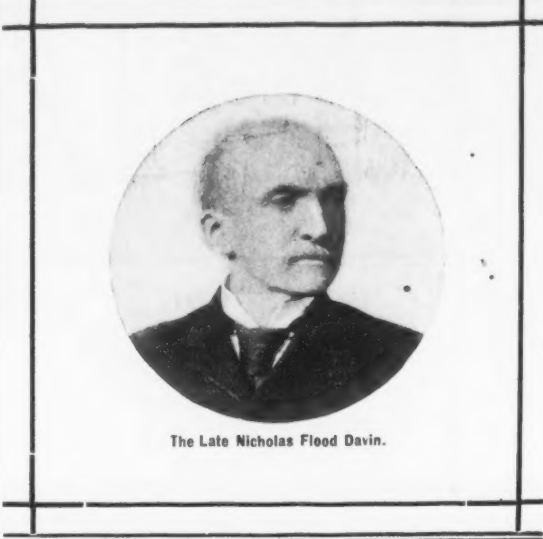
It cannot be denied that he had many and rare opportunities and unusual qualifications for reaching a high place in all of the arenas into which he entered, but too great ambition to achieve sudden success by some unusual route ultimately defeated him in them all. In the search for happiness, which is more important than seeking for glory, he seemed to prefer the gaiety and affluence of the moment to the quiet contentment and mild pleasures of those who prolong life by temperance in everything and an avoidance of exciting events. For nearly three score years in choosing his path—and we must not forget that we all choose our paths rather than have them chosen for us—he probably found the transient things he sought, though at last, in one of his perhaps saddest and sanest moments—who knows?—he decided that everything was bitterness and the sum of the attainable was but vexation of spirit.

Social and Personal.

ON last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Archibald Campbell of Hazelton, Toronto Junction, entertained a large party of ladies at afternoon tea. Hazelton is a spacious and handsome residence, with great rooms and hall such as make city hostesses in cramped quarters sigh for envy—and Mrs. Campbell's heart is as large as her home, as her bright welcome testifies. It was an ideal day for a jaunt to the suburbs, and those Toronto ladies who went out enjoyed both the journey and the pleasant function. Mrs. Stone of Chatham has been on a visit to her parents, and her mother gave the tea in her honor. With Mrs. Stone were her two sisters, the Misses Campbell, and each gave hearty welcome to the guests in the drawing-room, and afterwards kept hospitable watch that the ladies were duly refreshed in the tea-room. The big house was beautifully decorated with flowers, some grand American Beauty roses in the library filling the air with fragrance and mingling their perfume with strains of pretty music from D'Almeida's harp and mandolin players, who were seated in the hall. Most of the guests were Toronto residents, and I remarked a lovely girl in a stunning hat, "divinely tall and most divinely fair," who will make a sensation if she graces Toronto ball-rooms this season. Among Toronto residents at the tea were Mrs. and Miss Lister, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. Charles and the Misses McLeod, Mrs. Blewett and Mrs. Leonard. Mrs. Stone went home to Chatham this week after a month's most pleasant visit, during which she has been at many entertainments at which she was the guest of honor.

Miss Mowat received on Thursday afternoon and will be at home to callers at Government House during the season between four and six o'clock on Thursdays.

On Wednesday evening a most delightful time was enjoyed by the graduating class of young medics and a particularly smart half-hundred young society girls whom Dr. Bruce had invited for a progressive at his charming new house in Bloor street east. I think this is probably the real housewarming of the spick and span abode of the clever young physician, though a few very chic dinner parties have been given by him since its completion this year. At nine o'clock, the hour set for cards, the unusual spectacle of a perfect regiment of young men awaited the laughing glances of the beautiful girls who came down the stairway in their fresh pretty frocks. Between twenty-five and thirty tables were arranged for euchre, and the game resulted in a victory for the Misses Croil and Mae Reid, and Mr. Campbell and Dr. Kendrick, the prizes being particularly handsome and artistic. Supper was quickly served by a crowd of experienced waiters, and was of the most tempting and dainty selection. The prizes



The Late Nicholas Flood Davin.

were distributed by Dr. Bruce with a pleasant congratulation to the winners and a soothing word to the Boobies, one of whom was allowed a tiny silver-topped vase-pot as a salve for defeat. The party broke up at midnight, leaving the brilliant and beautiful scene with regret, and many compliments to their bachelor host. Mrs. Geoffrey Boyd of Sherbourne street was the chaperone hostess to the lady guests, who were all unmarried folk, and included the most prominent girls of the smart set, looking their very best in honor of the unique occasion.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club dances for the summer season have been a source of very great pleasure to a host of young yachtsmen and their girl friends, the older element being very little "en evidence" this season, as usual. For the last month or more the dances have been held in the city clubhouse, and the weather has been fine on Mondays, very different from other seasons' experience I recollect. Last Monday a bright company danced till midnight, and, as on the previous week, a great many visitors in town for the Royal visit and other interesting events were guests of various members. Next Monday will see the close of these dances, and the committee has decided to make it a bit smarter than its predecessors by having it "full dress." The yachtsmen are to wear their "but-ton," a term describing yachting informal evening garb, and the girl guests and chaperones are to add to the eclat of the final reunion by appearing in evening gowns. Refreshments will be served as usual, and the pretty illumination of the clubhouse roof and closed-in balconies will be the finishing grace of the evening. A large crowd is expected, but the sitting-out places are roomy and the floor spacious.

The first ball of the season, at the Victoria Club, was held last evening, and a number of debutantes took their first flutter in society. We are to have any number of dances this winter, and I hear that the Grenadiers are arranging for their very popular series of dances in the Pavilion, which bid fair to complete their proper sequence after having been "untimely cut short" the last two winters. The dates are not yet announced.

Mrs. Allen Bristol Aylesworth has sent out cards for an afternoon reception on next Friday at her residence, 20 Walmer road. Mrs. Aylesworth has not a daughter to bring out on this occasion, but there is a fine young fellow who has many friends, and who is as gallant as popular, who will be his mother's right good helper in welcoming the ladies at next Friday's tea. On Saturday a young folks tea will be given for both young men and maids.

Mrs. Rolland Hills will be at home next Wednesday afternoon from 5 to 7 o'clock at her residence, 49 St. George street. Cards were out for this reception on Tuesday last.

Last week many functions, large and small, filled the afternoon hours. On Friday the prize-giving at Upper Canada College attracted a huge crowd, and the interest was wide and deep in the ceremony, for the youth of our best families are following the footsteps of their fathers and imbibing learning at the handsome college at the head of Avenue road, which, although not the site of the brain struggles of former generations, has carried north the old traditions, and never fails to welcome the old boys. At least one former principal, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, was present, and the memory of the best liked of all the roll of fine masters was honored by many a little regretful word to gentle Johnny Martland, whose tall erect figure used so often to be seen at the College reunions. Mr. George W. Beardmore, most generous of prize donors, was present, and for the first time I overheard someone remark, presented the prizes he yearly offers. The master of Chudleigh was greeted with much applause, and another cause of hearty applause was the mention of Major Cockburn, V.C., the Upper Canada College boy of whom the institution is so justly proud. After speeches and prize-giving the crowd dispersed, some to go southward, and a very large number to find their way to the principal's drawing-room, where Miss Parkin, with her prettiest smile, was welcoming the guests to afternoon tea. Mrs. Ramsay Wright was a kind chaperone, as Mrs. Parkin is still abroad, and the large party completely crowded the hall, tea-room and drawing-room, Miss Parkin receiving in the spacious library to the west of Dr. Parkin's residential suite. Everyone appeared to be there, and everyone also appeared to be very happy and good-natured in spite of the crush. Many of the guests had so strong a personal interest in the College through the attendance of some long-legged son or brother, or some athletic young giant who shipped out for a go at football, clad in weird-shapen garments of dubious whiteness, that it was quite like a family affair, so truly does nature's touch bring kinship. Dr. Parkin had a bright word and handshake for everyone, and the hour was late and darkness settling down before his last good-evening was uttered, and the elders and the girls and their brothers had bid each other farewell for this time.

A very pretty effect was had at Mrs. Eastwood's tea with a decoration of mountain ash and juniper fruit, the berries, white and red, being massed among the chandelier lights. At another tea, autumn leaves in delicate mottled red and yellow were wreathed over the chandeliers most artistically.

Miss Ethel Matthews has an English friend, Miss Sutherland, as her guest, and gave a tea one afternoon this week in her honor. A pretty little tea was given by Miss Parsons in honor of Mrs. Staunton of Hamilton this week. Miss B. Lockhart gave a tea on Monday for Miss Gordon of Kingston, Miss Barker's guest.

Major Victor Williams and Mrs. Williams have taken a house in Tyndall avenue, No. 46, where Mrs. Williams received for the first time on Thursday, which is Parkdale "day."

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Greville Harston gave a most pleasant euchre party in honor of Miss Higginson, the fair English girl who has been visiting here for some weeks. It was remarked that rarely are so many pretty girls to be seen at one gathering, the "beauty euchre" being the term used to distinguish this nice party. About fifty young people took part in the game, and the genial Major and his kind and hospitable wife were as happy in the enjoyment of their guests as were the young folk themselves. Miss Higginson was lovely in a gown of delicate green

satin with an overdress of white lace, and many violets on the corsage, and all the beauties were so dainty in their fresh frocks that this may be quite truly called one of the smartest parties of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Colley Foster returned from their wedding trip and spent a few days here. I believe they leave to-day for their home in Montreal.

Miss Gibson is a handsome visitor in town, the guest of Miss Darling. Miss Beddome of London is the guest of Mrs. Buchan at Stanley Barracks.

On Tuesday Mademoiselle Marguerite Taschereau, daughter of Hon. Mr. Justice Taschereau of Montreal, and Mr. Lawrence Maxwell Lyon were married in St. James' Church by Rev. Father Rousseau. The bride was attended by her sisters, Mesdemoiselles Lucie and Jeannette, Miss T. Lyon, and Miss Gabrielle Lavergne, the lovely daughter of Mr. Justice Lavergne, and until recently the belle of Ottawa. Mr. Glynn Oster was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Lyon went to New York and Washington for their honeymoon.

On Thursday afternoon Hon. G. W. Ross entertained at luncheon in the Speaker's Chambers, Legislative Buildings, a large number of the members of the British Empire League, to meet Sir Frederick Young, a veteran in the cause who is visiting Canada for the first time.

The debut of Miss Winifred Eastwood was celebrated by a huge tea, given by Mrs. Eastwood on Wednesday afternoon. Fronted by that much prized and rarely seen blessing in the city, a large garden, the Eastwood home spread hospitable doors wide to admit all the ladies and many of the young girls who were interested in the entrance to society of so pretty and unaffected a debutante. If it be true that an added value and charm is the dower of the young girl who resembles a very attractive mother, then Miss Eastwood's friends should appreciate her fidelity to her model. As mother and daughter received, the handsome matron's winning smile and features seemed to have borrowed the glow of youth from her bright-faced charge, and Miss Eastwood's friends might, and did, say, "She is her mother over again," which is high praise. Mrs. Eastwood wore a quiet heliotrope gown with white sequined guimpe, and the debutante was in a lovely white frock, as dainty as could be. The tea-table was prettily set in the dining-room, with plenty of flowers and a very delicious menu, and Misses Dot Stout, Bessie Beatty, Kidner, Dollie Kemp, Wheeler and Eastwood were the busy and efficient attendants.

Mrs. Lister will receive next Friday, and on the first and third Fridays during the season, at her residence, 14 Walmer road. Miss Lister has been away on a visit to friends in Sarnia. Everyone misses Mr. Fred Lister, who has been for some time quartered in Fredericton.

Mrs. Ferrier has been for some time stopping with her sister, Mrs. R. S. Neville, in Ontario street. Since the autumn teas have broken out, Mrs. Ferrier is being much greeted by many admiring friends, who find few more charming and pretty women than these fair sisters.

On last Friday Mrs. Bull of Avenue road gave a very pleasant tea to a limited number of friends, who had the great treat of hearing some beautiful songs from the sister-in-law of the hostess, Mrs. Brennan of Hamilton, who came down for a musical event earlier in the week. Mrs. Bull received informally, looking very handsome in a deep wine-colored gown, relieved with cream and touches of black, and some of the guests hushed their greetings, loth to miss the splendid flood of melody which filled the house as Mrs. Brennan sang "Nobil Signor," or "I sing to my love the Rose," and later, other lighter chansons. Mrs. Bull of Bloor street poured tea in the dining-room and looked very sweet in a mauve and white foulard gown and pretty plumbed hat. A number of pretty young girls served ices and other nice things. Two or three privileged men dropped in and enjoyed the music as well as the dainty tea. Mrs. Brennan returned to Hamilton last week, I believe, leaving many new and old friends here who look forward to her return.

Mrs. George Hodgins, who has been spending some time with her mother, Mrs. Patterson, of Elmsley Place, returned to New York recently.

Mrs. Edwin Pearson is enjoying a visit, which is to be of some duration, from her daughter, Mrs. Duncan of Brantford. There is a bonnie wee grandchild also who is very welcome to the parent nest, and who is a fine and bright baby.

Next Tuesday afternoon Mrs. James George of Maple avenue will earn gratitude from some of her friends by affording them the pleasure of hearing Miss Walker sing. This talented girl is a new vocalist of whom I hear very nice things. Mrs. George has asked a party of ladies for afternoon tea, and Miss Walker has promised to sing for them, which adds to the pleasure friends always anticipate in going to tea with Mrs. George.

Last Wednesday there was an epidemic of teas on the East side. Mrs. Dineen of Sherbourne street gave a big tea, and her handsome house is so adapted to receive a goodly number that the tea was enjoyable as well as largely attended. Mrs. Sylvester gave a tea also at her home in Church street, and a euchre in the evening for the young set, at which a fair guest of the house, Miss Joyce, was the center of attraction. A dance followed the cards. Mrs. James George also gave a tea on Wednesday which was very pleasant, and the very large tea at Mrs. Eastwood's was the farthest east of the "Oriental" functions of mid-week.

Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann has had her mother, Madame Leronger of Montreal, and Miss Leronger, her sister, on a visit for some time. Miss Leronger is not at all like her beautiful married sister, but is just as attractive in another style. She has made a lot of friends already, and everyone hopes for a long visit.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Blewett gave a very nice tea in honor of Mrs. Leonard, who is visiting friends in town. Mrs. Leonard is always welcome in Toronto, and is looking very well, though I believe that "getting settled" in Winnipeg is no child's play. Houses and servants seem as scarce there as here. Mrs. Leonard's friends here would not mind much if there were such a scarcity of "life's restful things" up north as to send her back to Toronto to live.

I met Hon. Edward Blake in King street a few days since, and the veteran statesman looks well and has a real touch of British color in his cheeks. He is not taking much of a rest, though.

Mrs. Wedd (nee Garvin) received yesterday and on Thursday at her new home, 16 Bleeker street, and had many callers.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Kemp gave a tea for the presentation of her two daughters, Miss Alice Kemp and Miss Dollie Kemp, and this double event was the most interesting of the week to a very large circle of friends of the handsome M.P. and his popular wife. The debutantes have both been abroad for a year, and the elder for much longer, I understand. Mr. and Mrs. Kemp have given them many advantages, and they have profited accordingly. The day was lovely, and the tea a great success. The new and splendid home which Mr. Kemp has recently been building in Rosedale is not yet completed. The family reside at present in Park road in the house recently occupied by Mrs. Hart Massey.



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Makes
OYSTER PATTIES.—One quart oysters, 8 Shredded Wheat Biscuits, 1 pint milk, 4 level tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon scraped onion, 1 cup oyster liquor, salt and white pepper. With sharp pointed knife cut an oblong cavity in top of biscuit 1 inch from sides and ends. Remove top carefully, then fill inside shreds, forming a shell. Sprinkle with salt, dust with pepper, and put in buttered pan. Dip the oblong top lightly in the oyster liquor, cover the oysters, put bit of butter on top, cover the pan, and bake in quick oven 25 minutes. Serve with white sauce made from the milk, oyster liquor, flour, butter, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon scraped onion.

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Social and Personal.

MR. ALBERT NORDHEIMER'S dance, which was postponed last season on account of the national mourning, will take place on the evening of November 8, in McConkey's ballroom, at nine o'clock. This date is the eve of the King's anniversary, and loyal souls will no doubt drink health and long life to King Edward at Mr. Nordheimer's supper-table.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Foster, who have spent the summer in a rented house in Rosedale, are, I hear, looking for permanent quarters in town. Mrs. Foster is a very intelligent and sweet little lady, and will be a great acquisition to Toronto. Her clever husband is too well known to need mention, and is also much welcomed to Toronto.

On the occasion of the opening of the States-General at The Hague, the Queen and the Prince Consort, the Baroness Pantaleon van Eck entertained at her residence in the Beuzenhout in honor of Lady van Hoogenhouck Tulken (nee Dignam), who writes home of the brilliancy of the affair and the enthusiasm of the Dutch people over their young Queen. Lady van Hoogenhouck Tulken accompanied the Baroness and her daughters, as Sir John was on duty in his capacity as an officer of the Royal Guards. Sir John was afterwards summoned to private audience by the Queen.

Mrs. H. B. Anderson (nee Northway) received for the first time since her marriage on Thursday and Friday afternoons and Thursday evening, October 24 and 25, at 34 Carlton street, and will afterwards receive on the first and third Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. B. Walsh have removed from 27 Brunswick avenue to Prince Arthur avenue, where Mrs. Walsh will receive in December.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin returned from Kirkfield on Wednesday.

Miss Frances Colley Foster's euche party on Wednesday, October 16, was a very enjoyable affair. Five tables were arranged, and the young people had the pleasure of meeting the brother of their hostess, who is down from the Sault on a vacation. Miss Florence Band and Mr. Edgar Denison won the first prizes, and Miss Band and Mr. G. Stratny the consolation prizes.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel have bought one of the pretty new houses in Walmer road—No. 12, I believe—and will reside there. Mrs. Gordon Brown has removed to 13 Madison avenue. Mrs. Neville left last week for the Old Country to join her sister, Mrs. Dashwood, who has recently become a widow.

Mrs. Wedd (nee Garvin) held her post-nuptial receptions on October 24 and 25, last Thursday and Friday, at her residence, 16 Bleeker street, and will afterwards receive on Mondays. By the way, in speaking of Thursday as an overburdened day, I forgot that a couple of hostesses in Bleeker street still stick to that hardworking day, thereby being most cruel to friends who would gladly see them more often.

On last Tuesday evening the graduating nurses of the Orthopedic Hospital received their diplomas, and this interesting occasion was marked by a reunion of the officers of the board and the friends of this very useful and worthy hospital on the premises. Bloor street east, where a musical programme and refreshments entertained the guests.

Mrs. George C. Gibbons and her daughters have returned from England. They were met at New York by Mr. Gibbons, who had the sorrowful task of breaking to them the news of the death of their son and brother, one of the most lovable and charming of youths. From every quarter their friends have poured loving sympathy upon the bereaved family, for very rarely has so promising and manly a fellow been cut off by so sad an accident. Only those who did not know the bright, merry and venturesome nature of the lad, always first in the hunt and loving all dashing adventure, for a moment entertained the notion that his death was other than one of those appalling happenings that one moment's carelessness brings upon a broken-hearted family. Mr. Gibbons and his son were peculiarly good comrades, and both looked forward to the time when the lad should follow his father in the marked success of his legal career. Mrs. Gibbons, whose nobility of nature gives her fortitude in this great grief, is bearing it bravely, forgetting herself to support and comfort her husband and children. The brightest memories of them all are held in Toronto, and heartiest sympathy goes to them from many warm friends here.

Mrs. Plumtree, wife of the Dean of Wycliffe, received for the first time since her arrival last week, and has selected the first and second Tuesdays as her "days."

Mrs. Cawthra of Guseley House and Miss Cawthra sail on the Oceanic for Canada on Tuesday, October 29. They have been on the Continent and on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell-Renton.

Mrs. Forester left on Wednesday of last week for Halifax, where she joined her husband, Major Forester, A.D.C., who had charge of the Royal traveling escort. Mrs. Forester will visit her relatives in Fredericton, N.B.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts have gone to Winnipeg for a short visit. Mrs. Keeble Merritt and Miss Raymond returned home this week. Mrs. Vincent Porter of Niagara Falls has returned home, taking with her a sister, Miss Maude Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. John D. Hay went to Hamilton with her sister, and was at Holmstead for the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York. I hear the reception of the Royal guests at Holmstead was very beautifully done, and that the host and hostesses were, as ever, most charming. Mrs. P. D. Crerar had the honor of asking the Duke of York to present the colors from the Daughters of the Empire to the Thirtieth

Regiment. Mrs. Crerar was looking remarkably well. Another handsome Hamilton woman, Mrs. Frank Mackell, was much admired at the reception in Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Jeanie Wallbridge returned from abroad on Sunday week. Miss Wallbridge officiated twice as bridesmaid, two of her cousins having been married during her visit in England. The trip has agreed very well with both travelers, and they are very welcome back to Toronto.

The following guests are at the Welland this week: Mrs. Charles Richardson, Tacoma, Wis.; Mrs. Adelle Critz, Starkville, Miss.; Mrs. Carl Riorden, baby and nurse, Hawkesbury, Que.; Mrs. A. de Cartaga, Miss F. T. Munson, Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Royce T. Needham, Buffalo; Mr. E. A. La Saver, Ottawa; Mrs. Moran, Mrs. T. W. Cole, Mrs. F. Peacock of Chicago, Mr. W. J. Green of Erie, Pa., Mrs. Fawell of Beamsville, Mr. T. R. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McCaul, Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Scrivener, Miss Buck of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Campbell of Milton.

Annual meetings of the various charities are multiplying fast. The Home for Incurable Children hold theirs on November 1, at a quarter to four. The Infants' Home held theirs on Thursday, at four o'clock.

The Duchess of Cornwall and York sent a nice message of thanks in a letter to the president of the Woman's Art Association of Canada, written by Lady Mary Lygon, on receipt by the Duchess of a beautifully bound and illuminated address from that progressive and cultured body of Canadian women.

A most amusing and interesting rummage sale will be in progress all next week, from Tuesday on, at the large hall over St. Lawrence Market. It is to aid the Ladies' Work Depository. The things wanted for rummage sale are old furniture, old crockery, old ornaments, old hats, bonnets, gloves, old clothing of all kinds, old kitchen utensils, old carpets and matting, old blankets and counterpanes, old comfortable, old boots and shoes, old bottles and jars—in fact, anything imaginable which the senders can rummage out of their attics, cellars or sheds! The ladies of the Depository will send to any address on Monday for contributions, and are anxious to impress upon friends their duty to hunt up odds and ends, or anything that is out of date and cumbering their storerooms, but which will be quite in order at the rummage sale. On Saturday evening, when the remnants are left, the second-hand dealers will bid for the lot, but until then the purchasers will be the people of small means, to whom such a sale is a gold mine.

Mrs. A. J. McKay (nee Notman) will receive on the first and fourth Fridays in the month at 169 College street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allen Johnson will not return to Colorado Springs this winter, but will remain in Toronto, having taken up their residence at 132 St. George street, where Mrs. Johnson will be at home the first, second and third Tuesdays after November 1.

Mrs. Heaven of 46 Gerrard street east will receive on Wednesday during this season, instead of on Monday, as heretofore.

Mrs. Willie Macdonald and her daughter and son, are at 66 Isabella street for the winter. Mrs. Macdonald has rented her house to Mr. Justice Proudfoot.

A pretty incident of the Royal tour was the five minutes' halt at Brampton, where, to quote Swinburne, "it was roses, roses all the way." A correspondent thus describes the incident: After civic greetings to Their Royal Highnesses, eight little girls dressed in white, with arms filled with beautiful roses, came tripping up the car steps one by one, bearing their precious cargoes in a most winsome way. Dorothy Duggan carried a basket of maiden-hair fern, Princess of Wales violets and lily of the valley; Marion Blain a basket of red carnations and Asparagus Plummos; Lily Dale an immense bouquet of Sunset roses; Bessie Dale Liberty roses, Ethel Dale Perle roses, Phoebe Algie Bridesmaid roses, Fanny Dale Bride roses and Kate Dale American Beauties, all the gift of the Dale estate.

The date of the Victoria University convocation has been fixed for Friday, December 6.

A Great Collection of Pictures.

THE appreciation of great pictures is a touchstone of real culture more infallible than literary cultivation or than a taste for good music. One of the most hopeful signs in a Canadian life is the awakening of a finer aesthetic sense. This is attested in a score of ways, but in nothing is it more marked than in the evolution of popular standards with regard to pictorial art. A condition precedent to the just valuation of a picture's merits is an acquaintance with the best things that have been done by the greatest artists—the masterpieces, recognized and acclaimed as such by general verdict. In the work of diffusing a knowledge of these famous works and so raising the standards of art culture in this new country, an important part is being played by Mr. A. Petersen, whose store at the corner of Yonge and Gerrard streets, established only three years ago, is already the Mecca of picture-lovers and those who are becoming picture-lovers in this city.

Mr. Petersen is intimately acquainted with all the great English and Continental galleries and their contents, so that he has brought to the enterprise of which he is the head, personal knowledge and attainments rare, if not unprecedented, in the business of picture-dealing in Canada. Furthermore, he applies in his establishment methods as unusual as they are delightful in their freedom from crass commercialism and that effort to force a sale which is so distasteful to visitors to the ordinary picture-store. At Petersen's the public are welcome to come and go between the hours of 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. They can examine the splendid collection of reproductions, form their own opinions, admire what they like and bring their friends to admire with them. It is delightful and refreshing to the visitor

not to be dogged about as in the ordinary picture-store by some ignorant salesman, volunteering unsolicited information, pushing his views unasked, and asking perhaps impertinent questions, all with a view to entrapping a customer and forcing a sale. The best true artist. The most enlightened and polite policy at Petersen's is the great growth and development of the business within three short years.

The store contains more than one thousand framed photographic reproductions of famous and rare works of the masters of painting, besides thousands of unframed copies. Rembrandt, Van Dyke, Correggio, Constable, the immortal productions of Raphael, the choicest and rarest gems from the mediaeval and modern collections of Europe, adorn the walls of Petersen's, in the exquisite soft effects of monochrome or the faithful colors of the original. Not the least important element in the effectiveness of the display is the chaste and always appropriate framing of the pictures. This is a branch of his work to which Mr. Petersen brings the feeling and instinct of a true artist. One has only to pay his room a single visit to be convinced that, while the frame is ever secondary to the picture, appropriate framing can add infinitely to the effectiveness of the merest trifle on the walls, just as inartistic, slovenly framing can mar and neutralize the beauty of the most splendid masterpiece.

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tate. The bouquets were all very large, and the roses were, as might be expected, the choicest grown on this continent, and probably in the world. The Duchess graciously said to Mayor Thabuen that the roses were the finest she had ever seen on her travels, and the Duke said that if they had known such roses were grown in Brampton they would not have failed to have made some arrangements to visit the immense greenhouses of the Dale estate, which has been supplying roses for the Royal party ever since they landed in Canada from Quebec as far west as Calgary, and to the Dale estate is due the call at Brampton. The eight little girls were all shaken hands with by both the Duke and Duchess, and their little breasts heaved with delight at the cordial manner in which the Duchess received them. The people of Brampton were simply delighted with the bearing of Their Royal Highnesses, who bowed and smiled their gratefulness for the reception as the Royal party were borne away to the singing of the Maple Leaf by the school children.

The date of the Victoria University convocation has been fixed for Friday, December 6.

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The Waters of Marah

A Scene at the Fall of the Curtain.

By MARGARET CAMERON.

It was nearly seven o'clock, and very foggy. The piazza was almost deserted; the shabby men who seem to be as much a part of its adjuncts as the trees and the benches, and who sit, day and night, with their hats pulled far over their eyes, and their hands in their pockets, thrusting their feet into the paths, had disappeared. The babel of Chinatown was hushed, and even the electric cars, clanging their way through Kearny street, seemed remote. The line of battered carriages that stretches always along the eastern side of the piazza formed gray silhouettes against a grayer background, the horses' heads drooping dejectedly. Now and then, a soft-shod Chinese shuffled by, in his passage, compassed in a few steps, from the Occident to the Orient. The gilt carvelling the Stevenson memorial fountain caught and reflected dimly the faint glow of the street lamps, and the inscription on the block of granite forming the shaft was dimly discernible.

Horace Belden stood before it. Like the other shabby men who frequent the piazza, he wore his hat over his eyes, and carried his hands in his otherwise empty pockets, and like them, he had been sitting on one of the benches, with his feet thrust out into the path, he had been thinking of Stevenson and his wonderful self, reflecting that he used to come and sit in this piazza when "things were running crossways," and wondering if, with Stevenson, things seemed always to be "running crossways" in spite of his brave front. So he got up to read again the inscription that he knew by heart.

"To be honest, to be kind"—and Stevenson knew something about poverty and ill-health and discouragement, too—to renounce, when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered"—ah, how Stevenson cried! When the world was black without, he turned to his own! If he had been a musician, a singer, would he have been able to withstand so nobly the disappointments and failures that he might have met? If he had seen youth and position and voice and pupils slip from him, one by one, leaving him stranded at last, having given his life to a thing, loving but one thing, knowing but one thing, and that one thing gone from him, could he have conceived the idea of renunciation without bitterness?

To do something that endures is to crystallize hope; then, failure seems temporary, for there remain the uncounted years of the future. But to the singer, whose best work is born and dies in a breath, there is only the present instant. And yet, Belden thought passionately, no man, not even Stevenson, had ever loved to write as Horace Belden had loved to sing. Nothing that endures, he argued to himself, can be as dear to the human heart as that which never can be imprisoned, never can be possessed; that moves men mightily and dies in the effort, to live again in the next breath. Could one have that power, and see the years steal it from him, without bitterness?

A drunken man lurched out of the surrounding grayness, and with an unsteady hand, drew a cup of water. Straightening himself, with an attempt at dignity, he waved the cup at the carver. "Here's to you, Louis, old boy!" he gravely said. "If you were alive, you wouldn't see me here drinking this."

Belden stared at him a moment in disgust, and then turned impatiently away and wandered down Kearny street. He was hungry, but what of that? He was without a dime, but he had grown used to that. The only thing that impressed itself on his consciousness was that over in Mission street, at the opera house, they would be singing "Faust" within an hour, with Helene Solani as Marguerite and a new tenor as Faust. He stopped at the window of a music-store where her portrait was displayed, her name in large type on the margin. He looked at the picture critically, noting the calm poise of the head, and the authority in the attitude. The line of the lips, as he remembered it, should be softer, the chin less firm, and the level glance less certain than this.

She had made her debut as Marguerite, and he remembered how her voice had trembled in her opening phrase, "No, signor, no non son damigella bella." He had whispered rousingly to her, and she had smiled at him gratefully. By the time they had reached the third act she had forgotten the audience and was singing superbly, and at the end of the great trio the people rose from their seats, shouting, and when he led her down to the footlights she was crying. He had never seen her weep but once again. That was when, at the benefit which the company gave poor Nicotri, Belden, the prima tenore, sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." She was to sing the next number, and they had to wait for her. "That Horace Belden," she had sobbed, "breaks my heart when he sings like that!"

Belden smiled confidentially at the picture, and wondered if she remembered. He strolled along, oblivious to his surroundings, lost in memories of the days when his name had been plaudered above hers, and then a voice—staccato had hailed him as "the purest lyric tenor of the century." When he realized the present again, he found himself at the stage-door of the opera house. He wondered if she had arrived. Should he make an effort to see her? It was years since he had entered the stage-door of an opera house.

While he hesitated, a carriage rumbled around the corner, and stopped near him. Someone opened the door and stepped out, and then a voice—rich, sweet voice that he remembered—said: "Is it very wet, Marie?"

"Yes, madame, and madame must not talk," replied the maid.

"Why don't they open the door?" queried the voice.

Belden impulsively started forward. At that moment the stage-door was hurriedly opened, and the light streamed out. Solani stepped from her carriage, only her straight brow and weary eyes showing above the lace that muffled the lower part of her face. In a flash, Belden saw his own figure—his gaunt, unshaven face, shabby clothing, frayed linen and ragged shoes. He shrank back into the shadows, and, with a careless glance in his direction, she passed into the theater and the door was closed behind her.

Belden's hands were clenched and his teeth were set. That was Helene Solani, one-time prima donna of the Mapleton Opera Company, and he, Horace Belden, primo tenore when she made her debut, covered in the dark and dared not speak her name as she passed him. Because? Because he had outlived his power. But had he? If he could get one more chance—if someone who had influence would speak to the manager of this company, for instance—Helene was always an angel of mercy to the unfortunate—if—Then he remembered the drunken man in the piazza. "Here's to you, Louis, old boy! If you were alive—"

He laughed bitterly and turned away, stumbling toward the street. But the voice he had heard haunted him. He wondered if she still used that fascinating trick of phrasing in the ballad. And had her voice gained power enough for the great trio? It had sometimes seemed a shade lighter for that. So, with his memories and his disappointment, he summoned afresh all the ghosts of his past, and they taunted him into a fever. True, he had not tasted food for more than forty-eight hours, but his physical hunger was as nothing compared to his longing to hear again that voice.

Stop—there is the Kermesse! They are beginning the second act. It was a hand-organ. He cursed the owner, and passed on. Money—he must have money; he must hear that opera. He wondered that he had ever called "Faust" old-fashioned. What had the new operas, what had Mascagni and Leoncavallo and Puccini to offer a tenor—a lyric tenor—that could compare with the "Salve Dimora"? He was hurrying, almost running out Market street, when his glance was arrested by a sign: "Animatopoe. Free Show before the Pictures. Admission ten cents."

People were filing rapidly into the place, and he knew that while one audience was being entertained by the moving pictures downstairs, the one assembling listened to cheap vaudeville turns in the small theater above. He entered and asked for the manager.

"Busy," replied the man at the window, shortly.

"I know. He is always busy," feverishly urged Belden, "but it is important. I—I can sing. I want to sing for him."

"The deuce you do!" growled the man, with a keen glance at him. "Broke, eh?"

"I must see him! I—I have sung with Solani. Tell him that."

The man laughed. "Better move on," he suggested.

"I was with Mapleton for four years," pleaded Belden. A door opened and a man came rapidly out of the theater and paused behind him. "I studied with Lamperti—oh, you won't know what that means! I studied in Italy. I—I—yes, you hit it right. I'm broke, you know, and—"

"Oh, come now, move on, will you? I haven't time to stand here fooling with you all night. Move on!"

"Hold on a minute!" exclaimed the man behind Belden. "You say you can sing?"

"Yes, I can," eagerly replied Belden. "I have sung with Solani."

"Yes, you look it," said the other, derisively. "What can you sing?"

"Anything: opera, ballads—"

"No!" blazed Belden. "Not if I—"

His manner suddenly changed. "I am sorry," he said, quietly, "that my repertoire does not include comic songs. I never before appreciated their value."

"Oh, well, never mind," replied the man. "I guess you'll do. I'm the manager of this show. He turned to the man at the window. "Chet and Hattie struck for ten dollars," he briefly explained. "Thought they had me in the door. Told 'em I'd go out in the street, and pick up somebody in ten minutes who'd take their turn. It was a great bluff, but I done it. Come on!"

He led Belden through the bare room, filled with wooden benches, which served as the theater, and into a dirty little dressing-room, where there were several other people. Belden got a confused impression of coarse jokes and smothered laughter, of short-skirted women and men in burnt cork, but there was only one thought in his mind. The manager tossed him a dirty copy of a cheap collection of songs.

"There you are," he said. "Find something you know."

Belden caught at his arm as he turned away. "How—how much?" he asked. The manager looked at him shrewdly.

"Oh, well, we'll see how you catch on," he said, carelessly.

"No, no! How much?" persisted Belden.

"Four bits," suggested the manager. Belden shook his head. "A dollar," he said. Admittance to the gallery of the opera house was a dollar, and "Faust" was to run three nights.

The manager swore. "What do you think we are running here, anyhow?" he asked—"a gold mine?" Belden laid down the book of songs and turned away. "Well, six bits, then," reluctantly said the manager. Belden looked kindly for his hat. "Well—see here—"

"Chet and Hattie think they own me, anyhow. And you do your turn every

half-hour until we close—about eleven-thirty."

Belden again took up the book of songs and glanced through it. He was dimly conscious that a blatant piano was jangling somewhere, and of occasional tempestuous applause. The manager was having an altercation with someone outside. "No, it don't go," he said. "I told you I'd do it, and I done it, see? You can't bunk me that way. No, he's here and he's going to stay, see? You and Hattie, you lose your turn to-night, that's all." A string of oaths followed from the other man.

The manager joined Belden again. "Found anything?" "Kathleen Mavourneen," eh? That's all right, too. Mrs. Blumenberg, the lady out at the piano, will play it all right for you. She's a bird," he added. "Here comes Katie off. Now it's your turn."

Belden, in a daze, walked out on the tiny platform that served as a stage, and handed his music over the footlights to the fat woman with dirty finger-nails, who sat at the piano.

"Tum, tum, tum, tum: Tum, tum, tum, tum," she played.

The shabby room faded away, and Belden stood once more in the great New York theater. The lights in the house were lowered, and tiny flecks of flame here and there suggested diamonds. He heard the burst of welcoming applause die away, followed by the soft rustle of the audience settling itself to listen to its favorite tenor, Helene Solani and Grado, the basso, were standing in the wings nodding to him, and the orchestra was humming softly at his feet.

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking."

His voice rang out silver clear, and in its haunting pathos impressed him as it did not.

"Let her break!" called a rough voice in the audience, and loud laughter followed, but Belden, far away in his youth, did not hear it.

"Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part?"

It may be for years—

"Four years? Oh, if it's all the same to you, let's call it fourteen, at hard labor," came from the man in front, followed by shouts of rough laughter.

"Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?"

Why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Sang Belden to Helene Solani, weeping silently in the wings.

"Tum, tum, tum, tum," played the fat old woman. A policeman walked down the aisle, and warned the talkative young man.

"Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers."

"Yes, wake up! Come, Kittle, Kittle," shouted the young man. Hoots and cat-calls followed. Belden quailed as if he had been struck, but sang bravely on:

"It may be for years, and it may be forever—"

But no one was paying the slightest attention to him now. The interest of the audience was entirely given to a dispute between the young man and the policeman, and nobody but Belden himself heard his voice split and break on the high note, and die away almost in a whisper. It was only when the piano stopped that they became aware of him again, and he hurried off the stage, appalled by the chorus of hoots and jeers and cat-calls that followed him.

"That's all right," he said. "Lived 'em up, didn't you?"

Belden shrank away from him and moved toward the door.

"Here, where you going?" called the manager. "You go on again in a few minutes." Belden paused, irresolutely, and then continued his uncertain progress toward the door, which seemed to be miles away.

"Here, you come back!" The manager was tugging at his arm. "If you go now, you don't get no pay, see?" Belden shook his head. "Well, then, you stay. You're all right. You made lots of fun for 'em."

Belden shivered. "I—I am not well," he said. "I think I will go now, thank you."

The manager looked at him curiously. "Say," he exclaimed, "you didn't think you could sing, did you?"

"Other people have thought so," said Belden, "but they were mistaken. I suppose. There are so many people in the world who are mistaken, you know. Especially singers. Good-evening."

"Here, don't you want your hat?"

Belden took his hat rather reluctantly—he objected to receiving anything from the manager—and made his way to the door, where he paused again, bowed courteously to the staring people in the room, and gently closed the door.

"Well, I'll be damned!" slowly exclaimed the manager. "Daffy, I guess, but I wonder what made him think he could sing?"

Belden, stumbling out into the street, was saying over and over to himself: "That was my voice! My voice!"

A policeman found him wandering alone in the vicinity of Golden Gate Park toward morning, and sent him to the Receiving Hospital, where he was booked as suffering from starvation and exposure, resulting in the grippe. He raved for hours of Solani and Mapleton, and insisted upon singing "Salve Dimora" to the interne. Late in the afternoon he died. A newspaper reporter, who happened to be at the hospital, suspected a story, and went to Solani for the details.

"Yes, yes, it is quite true," she said. "He did sing with me when I made my debut, but his voice was gone, years ago. Poor Horace Belden! He was a great Faust, in his day. The voice was a trifle light, perhaps, but so sweet! And his phrasing of ballads was marvelous! No one else ever sang 'Kathleen Mavourneen' as he did. No, oh, no, he never drank! He was a charming fellow. No, it was just time. Time is the deadliest foe the singer ever meets, and some voices yield earlier than others. Poor Horace! I wish I had known."—"Argonaut!"

La Beaute Toilet Co.

The above company, situated at 113 King street west, are continuing the business established by Madame La Belle (Prenner). See advertising announcement page 8.

An Island Idyll.

In the summer, when the sunshine And the breezes, sweet with perfume, Streamed so gently o'er the waters, O'er the countless glimmering ripples To the bar of sand-made park-land, Where such numbers of the weary, Worn and downcast Sons of Woman Fly to dodge the blasts from ladies And to burrow in the bosom Of the odorous bay-side waters; There I wandered past the noontide, Late into the evening shadows, Thinking o'er the slips and chances, O'er the turns and twists of fortune, Blaming this and that and other, Feeling blue and sore disgruntled At the best of Nature's efforts, When upon the beach beside me, Scarce within the lapping wavelets, Decked from head to toe in blue-green, Traced along each edge with whiteness, With their charming gambols, Came the spray in air around me; Dash the waves across thy bosom, Fling the seaweed to the heavens; Hurl upon the passing wheelmen; Catch the sunbeams streaming downward, Wreath them o'er thy face of sweetness.

For you must be 'Laughing Water.' This the 'Land of the Hither.' Then this maid of features sunny Turned her gaze in mischief on me, Spoke from out those bosoms of Cupid, Sung from 'twist those jocular gambols, Cast the spray in air around me; Dash the waves across thy bosom, Fling the seaweed to the heavens; Hurl upon the passing wheelmen; Catch the sunbeams streaming downward, Wreath them o'er thy face of sweetness.

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Carlyle and Disraeli.

MAGNANIMITY superior to his own could shame even the dogmatic Carlyle. The man whose arrogance of opinion never permitted him to take anything back once he had confessed that a Jew had disarmed his bigotry and changed his insulting prejudice into gratitude and respect.

Disraeli, whom he had often reviled in speech and in print, had every reason to know how bitterly Carlyle despised him and his race; and after he had become the most powerful man in England he took his revenge. It was the vengeance inflicted by a great man who could forget his personal antipathies upon a great man who could not. Recognizing the commanding intellect of the early philosopher and the lustre it conferred upon his country, the Prime Minister offered him the knighthood of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and the "good fellowship" pension once accepted and enjoyed by Dr. Samuel Johnson and also by the poet Southey.

Carlyle declined the title as being out of keeping with the tenor of his "poor existence," and the pension because he was not in needy circumstances; but the fact of the offer and the generous language in which it was conveyed startled and subdued him. He wrote frankly to Disraeli:

"Allow me to say that the letter, both in purpose and expression, is worthy to be called magnanimous and noble; that it is without example in my own poor history, and I think it is unexampled, too, in the history of governing persons toward men of letters at the present or at any time; and that I will carefully preserve it as one of the things precious to memory and heart."

Subsequently he wrote to his friend, the Countess of Derby:

"Mr. Disraeli's letter is really what I called it, magnanimous and noble on his part. It reveals to me, after all the hard things I have said of him, a new and unexpected stratum of genial dignity and manliness of character which I had by no means given him credit for. It is, as my penitent heart admonishes me, a kind of 'heaping coals

Coffee Did It.

Would Have Been Fatal If Kept Up.

"Coffee! Oh, how I did want it after the nervous strain of public work. Something warm to brace me up was all the breakfast I craved, but every time I drank it I suffered the dying sensation that follows it with heart fluttering and throbbing of the throat and ears."

"I had no strength to throw away in that way, so decided that hot water must do for me."

"One morning I came to breakfast in the home of some friends in Pueblo, Colo., just in time to see the mother pouring some rich, deep yellow coffee into mugs for the two little boys. One little chap had thrust his fingers in the mug and was licking them with such approving smacks. This opened the way for me to say, 'Are you not afraid of the effects of coffee on the little folks?' The mother explained that it was Postum Food Coffee, made at Battle Creek, Michigan, and remarked, 'We think there is nothing like it.' Then she explained how the new coffee had weaned them away from the use of the old-fashioned coffee and tea because 'it is so wholesome. I drank it there for the first time, and was delighted, not only with the delicious flavor, but the after-satisfaction it gives. One day I was speaking with our



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Curious Bits of News.

Sleeping cars are to be put on the trolley lines between Cleveland and Detroit.

Measurements of salmon leaps may now be included in high-jump records. Standards were erected below waterfalls by Norwegian fishery commissioners. The fish are credited with a maximum of twenty feet in the official returns.

In a recent bull-fight at Bayonne, the pleaders were mounted not on horses, but on an automobile. The bull—said to be the gamiest of the Gaudara breed—when he saw the hideous monster, turned tail, and could not be prodded or otherwise tormented into making an attack.

America leads in the matter of women practising medicine. The first was Elizabeth Blackwell, who graduated as physician in 1849. Three years later there were six in Philadelphia. In 1889 there were 3,000 women doctors in the United States, and now there are probably 5,000, some of whom have a very lucrative practice.

A novel invention used in the North of England is a sort of automatic "bouncer" for use in public houses. Punctually at closing time the legend, "Time, please, gentlemen!" appears on a glass plate, and then an electric gong starts ringing with such amazing power that it becomes quite impossible for even the most enthusiastic toper to occupy the bar for another instant.

A curious case came up the other day before the court in Caroline County, Md., when an ancient resident was charged with the larceny of nine eggs. Extra jurors had to be summoned, and it cost the county \$250 to try the case. The accused was seventy-three years old. His counsel said he had known the defendant for forty years, and it was incredible that he would steal eggs. He argued that anyhow the State had not shown that the eggs were sound, and nine rotten eggs would have no value at all. The jury stayed out fifteen minutes and returned a verdict of not guilty.

Almost a thousand years have passed since Erik the Red first sighted the southern extremity of Greenland. The northern limit of that vast archipelago was last year rounded by Lieutenant Peary, who thus reached the most northerly land yet known. Of this feat, which Sir Clements Markham characterizes as second only in importance to reaching the pole, Peary writes in a recent letter: "Considering that I am an old man (he is only forty-five), with one broken leg and only three toes, I feel this was doing only three times."

As is well known, certain species of small form a favorite dish with French gourmets, and the cultivation of these land molluscs is conducted on a large scale in the outlying suburbs of Paris, particularly in the Department of Aube, where there are large snail gardens, with plantations of thyme, mint, parsley and chervil for the animals to feed on. When a Frenchman takes snails to the table, he is proud of them, and he is not likely to digest their last meal, for there is a current belief that they may be dangerous if they have recently fed on poisonous plants.

The recent development of the art of treating disease by light, called phototherapy, is due to Professor Finsen of Copenhagen. He discovered that small-pox patients, when kept in red light, escape with little, if any, scarring of the hands and face. The reason small-pox scars are found principally on exposed parts of the skin is because the blue, or chemical, rays of light promote the suppurative of the eruptions. Finsen next found that the chemical rays, when concentrated by lenses cutting out the red rays, will cure superficial diseases of the skin, such as lupus. Powerful electric arc lights can, for this purpose, be substituted for sunlight. The success of this treatment at the Lister Institute in Copenhagen has led to its introduction in the London Hospital.

At The Door.

I thought myself indeed secure. So fast the door, so firm the lock; But lo! the tiddling comes to lure My parent ear with timorous knock. My heart was stone could it withstand The sweetness of my baby's plea— That timorous knocking, and— "Please let me in—it's only me." I threw aside the unfinished book, Regardless of its tempting charms, And opening wide the door, I took My laughing darling in my arms. Who knows but in eternity, I like a transient child, shall wait The glories of a life to be Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate. And will that Heavenly Father heed The transient supplicating cry, As at the door I plead, "The I, O Father! only I?" —Eugene Field.

A Study of Autumn Leaves.

THE scientific investigation of various problems connected with the gorgeous coloring of our autumn foliage has been undertaken by the new United States Bureau of Plant Industry. Some of the results obtained by Albert F. Woods, the physiologist of the bureau, are thus detailed in the "Sun" (New York): "The color of a leaf, says Mr. Woods, is furnished by minute grains of pigment within its cells. What we see in the fresh leaf is not simple green, but a combination of many pigments, which when mixed appear as solid green. "Red is one of the color elements of fresh leaves. Reddish coloring matter is usually in liquid form, within the sap contained in the leaf cells. Yellow, another normal color element, when combined with green, is the natural shade of the grains of pigment within each cell. Brown is the normal color of the walls of the cell. "To explain the leaf cell, Mr. Woods says that he would exhibit a very thin rubber ball filled with the white of an egg mixed with water. He would add to this liquid sufficient red dye to dissolve and color the entire solution. He would add also Paris green, whose minute grains will not dissolve. Yellow grains of some powdered substance,



"I've a deuced headache, old chap."
"Why don't you have it filled?"

Books and Their Makers.



likewise insoluble, he would mingle with the green. The rubber ball itself would be brown, corresponding to the normal color of the leaf cell's walls. Holding the ball up to the light, the combination of the colors in its texture and interior substance would be the green tint of plant life.

To demonstrate the autumnal changes in leaf tints he would spread upon a table hundreds of green beads, interspersed with others of brown, yellow and red. Then he would take out all of one color, then all of another, and so on, the general shade or tint of the entire mass undergoing a change all the while. Just so in the autumn leaf—when any of its elementary colors disappear the general effect of those remaining clustered in any particular area is altered.

"If an autumn leaf turns entirely red, this tinting is due to the fact that only its red pigment is left. If it is yellow, all of the other coloring has been destroyed, except the minute yellow grains. If the leaf turns brown it can be safely diagnosed as dead. All living tints have disappeared, leaving only the brown walls of the cells. The brown leaf is a dingy ruin, within which every spark of life has been extinguished.

"There has long been a controversy as to the cause of the autumn leaf's coloration, said Mr. Woods. Some botanists have attributed it to frosts. We are finding that light frosts, not sufficient to kill leaves, greatly facilitate their coloration by causing an increase within them of a normal chemical ferment, which attacks the color compounds or color generators in the cells. We are finding that the oxidation of these color compounds by this ferment causes the various shades of color, especially the purples, oranges, etc. The yellows are normally present in the leaf.

"Autumn leaves containing sugar, such as the maples, sumacs, gums, etc., easily oxidize, and thus form the rich reds, purples and violets so beautiful to the eye. That is why these especially the hard maples, give the most beautiful autumn leaves. Autumnal oak leaves do not attract admiration because they contain much tannin. The oxidation color of tannic acid is dirty brown. Leaves which die quickly never give autumnal colors.

"The most gorgeous autumn leaves, according to Mr. Woods, are produced by a long-drawn-out fall, whose days gradually cool from summer heat to winter snow. But if the frost should come early and the weather should be uneven this fall we need not expect the true autumnal splendors. A heavy, sudden and early frost would kill all leaves alike and turn them to a monotonous brown.

"Crimson and scarlet autumn leaves, the most beautiful of all, are more abundant in the cooler parts of this country than elsewhere in the world."

Danger in Soda.

Serious Results Sometimes Follow Its Excessive Use.

Common soda is all right in its place and indispensable in the kitchen and for cooking and washing purposes, but it was never intended for a medicine, and people who use it as such will some day regret it.

We refer to the common use of soda to relieve heartburn or sour stomach, a habit which thousands of people practice almost daily, and one which is fraught with danger; moreover, the soda only gives temporary relief, and in the end the stomach trouble gets worse and worse.

The soda acts as a mechanical irritant to the walls of the stomach and bowels, and cases are on record where it accumulated in the intestines, causing death by inflammation or peritonitis.

Dr. Harlandson recommends as the safest and surest cure for sour stomach (acid dyspepsia) an excellent preparation sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. These tablets are large 20-grain lozenges, very pleasant to taste, and contain the natural acids, peptones and digestive elements essential to good digestion, and when taken after meals they digest the food perfectly and promptly before it has time to ferment, sour and poison the blood and nervous system.

Dr. Wuert states that he invariably uses Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in all cases of stomach derangements and finds them a certain cure not only for sour stomach, but by promptly digesting the food they create a healthy appetite, increase flesh and strengthen the action of the heart and liver. They are not a cathartic, but intended only for stomach diseases and weakness, and will be found reliable in any stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach. All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50 cents per package.

A little book describing all forms of stomach weakness and their cure mailed free by addressing the Stuart Company of Marshall, Mich.

Polite, But—

Anxious Father (from top of stairs)—Say, Mary Jane! Mary Jane—Yes, papa. "Is it eleven o'clock yet?" "Yes, papa." "Well, give the young man my compliments, and ask him to kindly close the front door from the outside." —Chicago "Daily News."

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Ceylon Tea? If not, get a package and try it. You will be surprised and pleased at the result.

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that will always be of interest because it is connected with Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Sidney makes the title of his book a question, and after tabulating the arguments for and against the guilt of Amy Robsart's husband, his verdict is an open one. "The balance of the evidence tends to show that Amy was murdered, but by a person or persons unknown."

Captain Brazenhead, the hero of Mr. Hewlett's new novel, The Fond Adventure, was a man of great nose, another Cyrano, as witness this description: "I might sing of his eloquent eyes; I prefer a peacock on his nose. Captain Brazenhead had a nose—but an heroic nose, a trumpet, an ensign built on imperial lines; broad, rooted, full of aristocratic rigidity with sharp bone, abounding in callous, tapering exquisitely to a point, very flexible and quick. With this weapon of offence or defiance he could sneer you to a line of shame, with it comb his mustachios. When he was deferential it kissed his lip, combative it cocked his hat. It was a nose one could pat with some pretence; scratched, it was set on fire; you could see it smouldering in the dusk. Into the vexed debate, whether great noses are not invariably with great men, I will not enter. Captain Brazenhead was great, and he had a great nose—let this incident go to swell the argument."

Edmund Gosse has written a book which is in the nature of fiction, but can hardly be called a novel. It is rather a study of the Olympian gods come together in its pages, and take a review of modern life.

The business methods of the up-to-date author and publisher are coming in for a good deal of gentle sarcasm. List to this facetious statement from the Chicago "Record-Herald":

"Winston Churchill would doubtless have chuckled Jeff Davis, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson into his new novel, to follow 'The Crisis,' if he could have had a little more time. It is reported, however, that he received the following telegram from his publishers: 'Chop it where you are. Mob outside howling for the new book. We can't hold out much longer. First edition, 900,000 copies.'"

Then here is another "skit" of the same sort from "Life":

The Publisher—"You say this is your

A Scientific Breakfast.

Highly selected food will cure more than half the diseases. Try a scientific and healthy breakfast: Fruit of some kind, preferably cooked; a dish of Grape-Nuts, with cream; two soft-boiled eggs. Put two eggs in a tin pit cup of boiling water, cover and set off for nine minutes. Whites will then be the consistency of cream and most easily digested. One slice of bread with butter; cup of Postum Cereal Food Coffee.

On that breakfast you can work like a horse and be perfectly nourished until noon. Your nervous troubles, heart palpitation, stomach and bowel troubles, kidney complaints and various other disorders will gradually disappear and firm, solid health will set in.

Why? You have probably been living on poorly selected food—that is, food that does not contain the required elements the body needs. That sort of food, and coffee, is the direct or indirect cause of more than half the ills the human body acquires.

Grape-Nuts is a perfectly cooked food, and both that and the Postum Food Coffee contain fine microscopic particles of phosphate of potash obtained in a natural way from the grains of the field and by scientific food experts incorporated into food and drink. That element joins with the albumen in food to make gray matter, which is the filling of the brain cells and the nerve centers all over the human body.

A man or woman thus fed is scientifically fed and rapidly grows in vigor and vitality, and becomes capable of conducting successfully the affairs of life. To produce a perfect body and a money-making brain, the body must have the right kind of food, and the expert food specialist knows how to make it. That is Grape-Nuts and Postum Cereal Food Coffee, produced at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Company (Limited), at Battle Creek, Mich.

Ask Your Physician

What kind of malt liquor is the "best" beverage.

He will tell you to always take ale or porter which is perfectly fermented, and which is thoroughly aged. New beer causes biliousness—makes you feel "heavy."

Carling's Ale is always thoroughly matured in wood and in bottle. Its absolute purity and perfect age is guaranteed.

first novel. A Chinese romance. Never been abroad, eh? Just made it up as you went along. Well, this is a find!" (To clerk)—"James, order fifty thousand copies printed at once, advertise whole edition of two hundred thousand sold before publication, and get out lithographs of the young lady."



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I AM often asked, What is the Theatrical Trust? One hears a great deal about the Syndicate, but it is seldom its "ins and outs" are explained. Just now the reported attempt of the Trust to discipline the New York "Commercial Advertiser" and Philadelphia "North American" by withdrawing all advertisements of Trust-controlled theaters from those papers, brings the whole history and policy of the Syndicate into the arena of public discussion.

Briefly, the Trust is a colossal booking agency. In its corporate capacity it does not own or produce plays, nor exploit "stars." It never has been, nor does it purport to be, the proprietor of companies. Its individual members—Charles Frohman, for example—may own and exploit attractions, as they did before the Syndicate was organized. But the Syndicate, as a syndicate, is a booking agency only.

The Trust is composed of five firms. The agreement under which these firms operate was first entered into in August, 1896, for a period of five years. At the expiration of that term the agreement was renewed for a second period of like duration. So that, whatever may be thought of the Trust, it is here to stay till 1906 at least.

Prior to its organization, owing to the era of hard times and also, doubtless, to some extent to lack of any organized system in booking shows, great losses were sustained by



The American Stage in the role of the Lion's Bride.—N.Y. "Life."

theatrical people. Sometimes two first-class attractions would be playing against each other in a second-class town. At other times, in order to avoid this clashing and to get dates, long "jumps" had to be made by companies, entailing serious expense and loss of time. It was ostensibly to guard against such a condition of affairs that the Syndicate was formed. It should be borne in mind that the Syndicate concerns itself only with high-priced attractions and with theaters that play these. With popular-priced shows and houses, and the vaudeville business, it does not concern itself. High-priced companies were no longer to cut each other's throats by playing against each other at the same time and place, tours were to be arranged as nearly as possible in a direct line, long railway journeys between "stands" were to be a thing of the past. This sounded right and reasonable, and nearly everyone thought the Trust was going to usher in the millennium for "the" profession.

However, there is great disagreement as to how the Trust has worked out in practice. It has certainly become an institution possessed of immense power. To it the actor must look for theaters to play in, and from it all first-class theaters must obtain attractions or go dark.

On behalf of the Syndicate, it is claimed that theatrical business has never been so good in America, and losses were never so few as since it assumed control; that it has benefited the actor artistically because it has made large and elaborate productions financially possible; that it has increased the employment of actors, because in nearly every large city one of the theaters not represented by the Syndicate has had to be turned into a stock theater, giving employment to many actors who would otherwise not be employed; that it has also helped dramatists by insuring them royalties on their work.

Against the Trust it is contended that it has made artistic considerations secondary to the box-office; that it discourages an original school of dramatists, because the chief operators of the Syndicate, having a "corner" of theaters and a "corner" of the play market, can get options on every play produced abroad that by any possibility can make money in America, and therefore do not care to make experiments with the work of American dramatists. It is further alleged that as in the matter of plays, so it is, under Syndicate auspices, in the matter of actors and acting. The system neither discovers nor develops talent. It buys talent after talent has been discovered or developed in spite of it. Its chief consideration being profits, it is content with mediocrity, because mediocrity is cheap. The general character of the plays produced under Syndicate auspices is in line with the commercial idea that prevails. When the lowest public taste is not catered to, the most superficial and least artistic is. The Syndicate exists and rolls up its enormous profits by exacting tribute twice over. First of all it milks the

theater for booking attractions to it, and then it turns and milks the show for booking it to the theater. Finally it is charged that it has used its enormous power harshly, cruelly and arbitrarily, crushing out both actors and managers who have incurred its displeasure by refusing to be "held up" or by asserting their individuality. These are the chief particulars in the indictment of the Syndicate by its critics and opponents.

The Chaperons (by Ranken and Witmark), the new comic opera seen at the Princess this week, is bright and entertaining, as present-day comic operas go, but there is nothing fresh and original in it from beginning to end. The production is elaborate and costly, which redeems the dullness. Some of the groupings and evolutions of the chorus are pretty. An unusually strong combination of comedians is carried. The company is remarkable for comeliness. Compared with Dolly Varden (Stange and Edwards), the only other new comic opera heard here so far this season, The Chaperons is coarse and lacking in distinction. On page to Cherubino has something to say of it from the standpoint of a musical critic.

A Homespun Heart, the play at the Toronto this week, is one of the queerest things in titles I recall. After this we may expect to see The Hand-carved Liver, The Embroidered Vermiform Appendix, or The Union-made Peritonium adorning the bill-boards.

There was more novelty than usual in the show at Shea's this week, and novelty is the thing we are all pining for. Alexandra Dagmar, the vocalist and comedienne fresh from the music halls of "dear old Lannon," was just as "stunning" as announced. She bore the imprimatur of the British metropolis in every word, look and gesture, and was a decided "take." Another feature, fresh and unhackneyed, was the eccentric act of Montgomery and Stone, two of the drollest clowns who ever set foot on a stage. George C. Davis in a racy lot of Irish stories, charmingly told, was heartily approved by all. Other good features were The Fraser Troupe of dancers, the Lefebvre Saxophone Quartette, and Filson and Errol in their sketch, A Tip on the Derby (which, by the way, is called "Darby," and not as these stage people mispronounce it). The Three Merrills in their bicycle specialty, and the Four Nelsons, in acrobatic feats, gave variety to a very clever and enjoyable entertainment.

The Grand has been a center of interest for children this week—the droll sayings and doings of the Lilliputians and Brobdignagians in The Merry Tramps, that charming spectacular and musical farce, affording unimpeachable entertainment for young people. That is not to say that grave and reverend seniors might not also enjoy a good laugh and come away refreshed and toned up, for I pity the person who could ever get so old as not to enjoy such a show as The Merry Tramps. Had there not been strong opposition at the Princess and at Shea's, the Lilliputians would doubtless have played to better business, even though they are not exactly an innovation in this city.

Many friends of Miss Mae Calvert, with The Chaperons, were delighted to welcome her back to this, her native city. Miss Calvert is easily one of the prettiest and most talented members of the company, from whom her friends confidently expect to hear great things in the future. Though her stage career has not been long, her advance has been rapid, and has quite justified the predictions which have been made. Unfortunately, Miss Calvert was unable to appear during the week, owing to an injury to her face. However, she is rapidly recovering, and expects to be completely restored in a few days. While in Toronto Miss Calvert was en pension at the Marlborough, Jarvis street.

Mr. Clifford Smith of Montreal, author of A Daughter of Patricians, a novel of some repute, has just written a play called The Rift Within Love's Cloud, which has been accepted by the manager of Proctor's theaters, New York. It is described as a society comedy.

Under the well-known teacher of elocution, Mrs. Scott-Raff, what promises to be a valuable course in expression has been established at Victoria University, the Victorian Women's Educational Association giving the departure their endorsement and support. Studios fitted up with apparatus approved by physicians for developing and corrective exercises, have been provided. The classes are open to persons not registered for other work in the college, and particulars can be had on application there.

Mr. E. S. Williamson's "Evening With Dickens" at the Conservatory Hall came too late for a report this week, but will afford a text for comment in next issue. A very gratifying sale of seats was made from the plan.

Mr. Shaw, principal of the School of Expression, Toronto College of Music, recently appeared in Winnipeg. Speaking of his work, the "Free Press" says: "Mr. H. N. Shaw was warmly welcomed and added to the reputation he has well earned in Winnipeg. As a reader of blank verse he has scarcely a peer upon the stage to-day. It has been with him a passion, a life-long study. His elocutionary powers, his scholarly attainments, his intelligence and refinement, are sufficient to stamp him as an artist." Mr. C. W. Wheeler, the dean of Winnipeg critics, says in the "Tribune": "His facial by-play and modulation of voice were most effective, calling forth marked tokens of approval from a much pleased audience. He has broadened in his art, gained in repose, and shows a restrained power and a knowledge of contrasts which places him on the straight road to success."

Blanche Walsh, recognizing the failure of Joan of the Sword Hand from its reception in Toronto, closed her tour in that play in Buffalo, and will use Janice Meredith as her vehicle for the rest of the season. Miss Walsh has secured the Western rights of the play.

The following paragraph is from the last number of the New York "Dramatic Mirror": "Michael Shea has included in his circuit several towns in Canada that heretofore have never played high-class vaudeville. It is his plan to give these towns a good bill one night each week, and the scheme so far has proved highly successful."

The towns referred to are Ottawa, London and Hamilton. The "Mirror" is mistaken in saying that the experiment was a success. The people in the places named appreciate comic opera and melodrama, but could not be induced to part with their coin for vaudeville. Therefore the scheme was dropped after a two weeks' trial. It is indicative of Mr. Shea's enterprise that such a trial was made.

A. W. Pinero, the English dramatist has incurred the displeasure of Canadians by referring in his latest play to this country as "that polite Siberia." He has also incurred the criticism of the English "Lady's Pictorial" for the persistence with which he pictures unlikable women in his dramas. Says the "Pictorial": "We resent the presentation on our stage of such types of women as are persistently chosen by our premier playwright for the central figures of his work. Year in and year out he presents these studies of fractious, selfish, sensuous, unprincipled women in settings so attractive that the public are dazzled into accepting them without protest. But we think that the time has come for women to murmur against his invariable custom of unchivalrously selecting the most unpleasant types of womanhood for dramatic treatment."

That breezy musical comedy, The Telephone Girl, one of the most successful of all the New York Casino's successes, with a complete new equipment in the way of cast, scenery, costumes and effects, will be the attraction at the Grand next week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. There will be some forty persons in the organization, including Ethel Robinson, Marie Richmond, Annie Lloyd, Ruby Kendall, the Browning Sisters, Anna Conrad, Elizabeth Goodall, Leona Amrose, Marion Harland, Amy Thomp-



THE LEADING LADY IN THE TELEPHONE GIRL NEXT WEEK.

son, Elsinore Richfield, Linette Fiske, Grace Gordon, Irene Young, Mildred Franklin, Nadine Sidney, Irving Brooks, Eugene Wiener, Charles R. Burrows, Arthur Conrad, Charles Whyte, and John J. Magee.

For next week Mr. Shea has selected, among other acts, Francesco Redding & Co., presenting My Friend From Texas; Willard Simms & Co., in a one-act comedy sketch; the Imperial Japanese Troupe of seventeen athletes and equilibrists; the Tennis Trio, club jugglers; Arice and Alice, a recently imported European novelty; Adalina Roattino, who has a remarkable voice; Jessie Millar, cornet soloist, and a number of others. There is every indication that Shea's Theater will have the most successful season since its opening in Toronto. There seems to be no limit to Mr. Shea's ability to find new features.

The scene of Niagara Falls in the last act of The Fast Mail is said to be a grand piece of mechanical ingenuity. The actual scene so impressed Lincoln J. Carter that he determined to produce it on the boards, and with such gratifying results as to be pronounced capital by the thousands who have seen this daring flight of stage realism. The Fast Mail will be presented at the Toronto Opera House next week.

The reappearance of Mr. E. S. Willard at the Princess Theater next week is an event of prime interest to theatergoers. Mr. Willard's engagement will be for two weeks. He will be seen in a new play, The Cardinal, which presents a dramatic view of Giovanni de Medici, who received the cardinal's hat at 19, became Pope at the age of 38, subjugated the world by splendor, and left the Papal treasury bankrupt at his death. The Cardinal was presented at Montreal this week for the first time on any stage, and is said to have been well received. The plot hinges upon the secrecy of the confessional. The Cardinal's brother is accused of murder, but the cardinal knows who the guilty man is, and by feigning madness in the last act induces the real murderer to admit his guilt in the presence of a third party. The whole subject, however, is said to be handled with the greatest delicacy. The action takes place at Rome in 1510, and there is consequently ample scope for a wealth of scenery and costumes. The Cardinal will be presented every night during the week, while at the Saturday matinee Mr. Willard will be seen in The Professor's Love Story.



THE COLONIAL STATUE OF ALFRED THE GREAT Erected at Winchester this year in honor of Alfred the thundersand anniversary. Executed by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. Unveiled by Lord Rosebery.

Notes From the Capital.

The Question of the Hour, How is Your Arm?—A Smart Silver Wedding.—Lyon Tachereau Nuptials.—Some Regretted Departures from Ottawa.—Celebration at Rideau Street Convent.

VACCINATION is the order of the day. We have our choice, vaccination or—not the smallpox, for no one is much afraid of that, but "five dollars and costs." Sore arms seem easier to stand than the fine, so the majority have gone to the public vaccinator, bared their arms, and submitted. Our worthy Mayor set the example, not only by being vaccinated himself, but by having his secretary vaccinated. "How is your arm?" is a query one frequently hears nowadays. Most of the children get cross, and many of the grown people take a day or two off from business. Smallpox would, no doubt, be much worse, but vaccination, when it attacks a whole city, is quite a serious matter. They say the disease, which is threatening—or was threatening—to be epidemic in Ottawa, is a very ugly kind of smallpox. The quarantine is the most disagreeable part of it. It is no joke to be shut out of the world for six weeks. And that is what happens to the unfortunate person in whose household a case is discovered. Even the family cat and the family dog are quarantined. The word "smallpox," written in scarlet letters, is pasted up in the window, and everybody gives the house a wide berth; everybody except the quarantine officer, who paces slowly up and down, day and night, seeing that no communication is kept up with the outside world. I heard of an amusing scene in the vicinity of one of those quarantined houses lately. A poor small boy was gazing wistfully out of the window, and a number of his sympathetic school friends were dancing Indian war dances on the opposite pavement, shouting to him with great glee, "Ah, you can't come out; you can't come out! You've got the smallpox; you can't come out!" We are assured that shortly the temporary hospitals will be finished and that all the patients can be housed at Porter's Island. The new Health Officer, or the one likely to be appointed, is Dr. Law, a clever and energetic young doctor, a graduate of McGill, and at one time house surgeon of the Ottawa General Hospital.

The first large social function of the season (barring those during the Royal visit) was the At Home in the Racquet Court on last Saturday afternoon, when Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. W. P. Anderson were the host and hostess, and the occasion a silver wedding celebration. It had been particularly requested that only congratulations and good wishes be brought by the guests, but that did not prevent a number of very handsome silver gifts being sent to the home of the bride and bridegroom of twenty-five years. These, however, came chiefly from intimate friends. Mr. F. Anderson, the eldest son, came to Ottawa specially to assist at the celebration. The rest of the family, down to a small girl of eight or nine, were in evidence at the Racquet Court tea. Mrs. Anderson wore a pretty grey dress and carried a bouquet of pink bride roses. She and the stalwart Colonel, who received with her, looked as if the twenty-five years had gone lightly over them.

On Tuesday afternoon there was a wedding in Montreal which was heard of with much interest in this city, and at which many Ottawans were among the invited guests. Mr. Laurence Lyon, the bridegroom, is the grandson of Sir Henry Strong, Chief Justice of Canada. Sir Henry and Lady Strong went down for the event, and their grand daughter, who lives with them, Miss Monica Lyon, was one of the four bridesmaids. The others were the Misses Tachereau and Miss Lavergne. The bride, Miss Yvonne Tachereau, is a younger sister of Mrs. Joseph Pope and of Mrs. Vidal. She met Mr. Lyon while Mrs. Pope's guest a couple of years ago, and the young people were friends from the very start. Owing to the extreme youth of pretty Miss Yvonne, the friendship was not taken seriously by anyone but themselves. The announcement of the engagement last spring was a great surprise. The wedding, being a mixed marriage, took place at the residence of Mr. Justice Tachereau, the bride's father, in St. Hubert street, and immediately afterwards there was a reception. Mrs. Joseph Pope and Mrs. Vidal were both in Montreal for the reception, but returned to Ottawa the same night.

Mrs. Vidal is busy making preparations for a journey abroad. Neither Mrs. Vidal nor her little boy has been in particularly good health lately. A visit to the south of France, or Italy, was recommended, so Colonel Vidal got a couple of months' leave and he and his family sail in a week or ten days for Europe. San Remo will probably be the locality selected from among the many delightful health resorts of the Riviera. Mrs. Vidal is one of the brightest and cheeriest little women in Ottawa, and she will be greatly missed from society this winter. Colonel Vidal is renting his house furnished. It is probable that Mr. Edward Miall and Miss Miall will be the occupants.

Another lady whose approaching departure from Ottawa is causing great regret is Mrs. W. E. Philpotts, who will in future live in Kingston, where her husband has been appointed manager of the Bank of British North America. Mrs. Philpotts has always taken a prominent part in charitable work, and she will be immensely missed by the poor of Ottawa.

Among the interesting doings of last week must be mentioned festivities at the Rideau street convent, extending over two days. Many ladies from other cities who were at one time pupils at the convent were here to assist in these festivities, which had a three-fold object—the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Madame d'Youville, the foundress of the Grey Nuns in Canada; the feast of St. Teresa, patron of the present Superior; and the opening of the new library belonging to the alumnae. Principal McCabe and Mr. John Francis Waters were among the gentlemen who made speeches. Professor Horriggan read an interesting paper written by Miss Lily Barry of Montreal, a graduate of whom the association is proud, especially at the present moment, when she is known as the author of a book of sketches called "In the Paths of Peace."

Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber returned from their trip to the coast last week. Mrs. Murray Lay, formerly Miss Audrey Schreiber, returned with them, and in her honor Mrs. Schreiber gave a large tea on Tuesday afternoon.

Rugby.

THE defeat of Varsity last Saturday came as somewhat of a surprise, and several prophets in embryo are unable to spring the "I told you so" on a long-suffering public. Weather conditions, combined with the Argonaut forward department, were too much for the Collegians, and any doubts regarding the Argos, which were raised in football minds by their defeat in Kingston have been set at rest, and their overthrow put down to the Royal reception.

The game was by no means a brilliant exhibition. The high wind made open play an impossibility, and in this respect favored the chances of the oarsmen, whose big scrimmage and wing line walked all over the college outfit. The Varsity management have been working hard to get a heavier lot of men in scrimmage, and in Kingston to-day will play Isbester, Burnham and Campbell against Queen's. On paper this looks like a pretty strong combination, and it stands the test against the Scotchmen should pretty nearly make good in any company.

Neither team played the kind of football last Saturday that wins championships. The Varsity fifteen are apparently in prime condition, but lack weight on the line, while the Argos, have lots of weight but need the condition and team play of the students. The scullers, to remedy these defects, are working overtime at the Moss Park rink, and the football members of the club who are not on the team should turn out and "second" them in their efforts.

The defeat of Queen's by McGill was an unlooked-for event, though, as has been pointed out, the Kingston men were playing several juniors. Varsity's performance against them to-day will give local enthusiasts a good line on Queen's, who have been called to win the championship.

THE REFEREE.

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen
Kronprinz Wilhelm... Tuesday, Oct. 29, 9 a.m.
Kaiser Wilhelm... Tuesday, Nov. 5, 10 a.m.
Kronprinz Wilhelm... Tuesday, Nov. 19, 10 a.m.
Kronprinz Wilhelm... Tuesday, Dec. 3, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN
GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA
Aller... Nov. 2, 10 a.m.
Columbia... Nov. 9, 11 a.m.
Hohenzollern... Nov. 16, 10 a.m.
Furst Bismarck... Nov. 23, 11 a.m.
Travel... Nov. 30, 10 a.m.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
79 Yonge Street, Toronto

AMERICAN LINE
New York—Southampton—London
Sailing Wednesday, Oct. 24, 10 a.m.
Philadelphia... Oct. 25, Philadelphia... Nov. 13
St. Paul... Oct. 30, St. Paul... Nov. 20
Friesland... Nov. 6, Friesland... Nov. 27, a

RED STAR LINE
New York—Antwerp—Paris
Sailing Wednesday, Oct. 24, 10 a.m.
Kensington... Oct. 25, Kensington... Nov. 6
Zeeland... Oct. 30, Zeeland... Nov. 13
New Twin Screw Steamers calling at Cherbourg.

International Navigation Company
Piers 14 and 15, N.R. Office—73 Broadway.
Barlow Cumberland, 79 Yonge St., Toronto

River & Lake Trips

St. Lawrence River and Gulf and all local points.
Barlow Cumberland, 79 Yonge St., Toronto

New York & Cuba Mail S.S. Co.

Nassau, Havana, Mexico and all Central American and West India Ports.
E. M. MELVILLE, Can. Pass. Agent, Toronto

The Grand Central Station.

This is the only station in the city of New York, and those desiring to be landed in the city without transfer should bear in mind that the New York Central is the only railroad whose trains run into it, and should get tickets accordingly.
C.P.R. or Niagara River Line agents for tickets and information.

Anecdotal.

The "Westminster Gazette" tells a fishy story of a couple of London brokers who went traveling together. The waiter at Lyons brought their two soles in one dish, and the carver, politely handing the small one to his friend, reserved the larger one for himself. Frank in his wrath, the friend described it as a dirty trick. "Why, what would you have done?" innocently asked the carver. "Given you the larger one, of course." "Well, I've got it, haven't I? What more do you want?"

Mrs. George Whipple, a niece of Daniel Webster, says that when Webster was visiting in the country he attended a little church morning and evening. A fellow-senator said to him: "Mr. Webster, I am surprised that you go twice on Sunday to hear a plain country preacher, when you pay little attention to far abler sermons in Washington." "In Washington," Webster replied, "they preach to Daniel Webster, the statesman, but this man has been telling Daniel Webster, the sinner, of Jesus of Nazareth, and it has been helping him."

A lecturer was once descending on the superiority of nature over art, when an irreverent listener in the audience fired that old question at him: "How would you look, sir, without your wig?" "Young man," instantly replied the lecturer, pointing his finger at him, "you have furnished me an apt illustration for my argument. My baldness can be traced to the artificial habits of our modern civilization, while the wig I am wearing—here he raised his voice till the windows shook—"is made of natural hair!" The audience testified its appreciation of the point by loud applause, and the speaker was not interrupted again.

On one occasion, just previous to opening in one of the large Eastern cities, Joseph Jefferson discharged his property man, Bagley, for humiliating him before a number of friends by familiarly addressing him as "Joey." Bagley got drunk right away, and that night paid his way to the gallery to see Mr. Jefferson present "Rip Van Winkle." The angry frau had just driven poor, destitute Rip from the cottage, when Rip turned, and, with a world of pathos, asked: "Den haf I no interest in dis house?" The house was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice responded: "Only eighty per cent, Joey—only eighty per cent."

Some people are incapable of magnanimity. After Sir Henry Irving's name had become a household word, he one day, while coming out of his theater, chanced to spy a former manager of his, Charles Dillon, the actor, who, by the way, was envious of Irving's success. Irving, delighted at seeing his former employer again, spoke to him. Dillon turned and carefully sized him up, presently remarking: "You have the advantage of me, sir. Who are you?"

An Invitation FOR THE Wedding Reception.

While all may know just what is required, we know exactly how the needed invitations should be worded and printed.

We have many samples of printed and engraved stationery which we shall be pleased to show.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.
No. 6 King St. West.

Irving quietly reminded him of the time when he had supported him, but the old actor sternly professed entire ignorance of the knight-player. After some time, however, the name seemed to dawn upon him, and he murmured: "Irving? Oh, yes, of course! I do seem to recollect that name. And what are you doing now, Irving?"

When President Roosevelt was a police commissioner of New York, in 1895, Dr. Ahlwardt, the anti-Semitic agitator from Berlin, visited the metropolis. Not a few of the New York anti-Semites came to Roosevelt in alarm lest the Jews should rise and mob the orator on the night of his first address. The commissioner's response was to select from the whole police force a squad of Hebrews whose physiognomy bespoke their race most conspicuously; these officers he placed in charge of the hall where Ahlwardt was to appear, with a reminder that in this country of free speech they could show their good citizenship in no more striking manner than by protecting the very man who had come to hurl contempt and abuse at their people. The effect of this bit of comedy was to make Ahlwardt ridiculous, and cause his whole crusade to fall pitifully flat.

On one occasion, in trying an abduction case, Lord Morris, once chief justice of Ireland, addressed the jury as follows: "I am compelled to direct you to find a verdict of guilty in this case, but you will easily see that I think it is a trifling thing, which I regard as quite unfit to occupy my time. It is more valuable than yours. At any rate, it is much better paid for. Find, therefore, the prisoner guilty of abduction, which rests, mind ye, on four points—the father was not averse, the mother was not opposed, the girl was willing, and the boy was convyent." The jury found the prisoner guilty, and the judge sentenced him to remain in the dock till the rising of the court. Hardly had he delivered sentence than, turning to the sheriff, Lord Morris said: "Let us go," and, looking at the prisoner, he called across the court: "Marry the girl at once, and God bless you both."

Regal Souvenirs.

Amongst the handsomest souvenirs of the Royal visit, and those which are most worthy of being treasured as historical mementoes, are the handsome special time-tables supplied to those on the Ducal train, and now issued in a reprint edition to patrons of the Canadian Pacific Railway. There are two of these time-tables—one describing the journey from Quebec to Victoria and the other the trip back from Pacific to Atlantic. The books are gems of printing. In the originals supplied to Their Royal Highnesses, the materials in both paper and binding were the most costly and handsome, the maps, for example, being on silk. Another interesting souvenir of the C.P.R.'s wonderful handling of the Royal progress through the Dominion is a beautiful booklet, entitled "The Royal Visit to Canada." This is descriptive of the special train and of the main features of the trip. It is printed on the most expensive paper and superbly illustrated with half-tone cuts that are the plus ultra of workmanship. The C.P.R. has a way of doing things in the superlative degree of excellence, and these publications are only one more proof of the universally acknowledged fact.

The Man on the Corner.

Unknown means Desirable. Debutante and Chaparone.

I WANT five minutes to eight. The corner is vacant, when along comes a man—such a spruce party—with shoes that gleam with polish, and a light topcoat, thrown jauntily back, not to crush, the rose in his coat lapel beneath. He steps springingly and looks about alertly; upon every inch of his expectant person are writ the words, "By appointment." And the boys in the darkened window nudge one another and sputter gleefully, "That's him," and exchange ironical compliments about his appearance. For those unholly boys, having observed this person ogling an embarrassed miss on the street car, put a small personal in a paper for his undoing. "If the gentleman, etc.," and here he results. The man on the corner has four ways to watch, and every time a pretty petticoat flashes by he spruces up and awaits the expected smile. The town bell rings eight, she isn't quite punctual. Once or twice a girl looks an instant at the dapper waiting figure, and then, taken by a step in her direction, then, advised by some frown or quickened pace, he slinks back. The boys are fumbling with a megaphone. "Let's give it to him now," says the younger, wiggling with interest. "Be quiet, kid," sharply answers the more deliberate brother. It's a long time from eight to half-past, and the youngster leaves the window several times to look after more immediate excitement, calling from the hall, "Is he gone yet?" and being assured that "He's frozen stiff." At last, with a tiny buttoning of the fawn crevet, the man on the corner starts briskly away, stops, turns back, takes one final searching look up and down three streets and makes a quick march for the car. Then does a hoarse, deep voice from the megaphone rend the dampness of the night: "Aw! don't go yet. She's late, but she'll be here soon. Come back and wait, Willie!" And the window is stealthily closed upon the dark room, while two bad little boys hug each other and caper, and peep after the man on the corner.

Man loves mystery. If everyone knew just what heaven were like it would cease to attract. No one would bother about a devil if his personality and abiding-place were well known. A dash of mystery flavors a long tale, and thrills from start to finish. The divinity that used to hedge a king was arranged wisely for the benefit not so much of the king, but to strengthen the loyalty of his people. We nearly always respect what we cannot understand. The people we do not know are generally desirable to us. The houses we have never entered must be abodes of luxury and exquisite enjoyment. The parties we are not invited to are the ones we wish to participate in. What is denied or forbidden is what we eternally crave. Nine times out of ten isn't this a fact? The tenth is for him or her who has learned the philosophy of life and has contentment and peace as a reward.

To everything its season! This is the season of the debutante, and she is upon us in flocks with her young, fresh, exacting, triumphant, pleading, doubting or unhappy personality, as fate and the gods decree. Her mother or chaperone has seen her white dress in good or poor style upon her plump or meagre form—has taken her to her first dance, where she has been fêted, or wearied according to the dexterity or neglect of the lords of creation. She is "lancee," and she will sink or swim, as the fates and her own personality decree. The debutante in this country gets very few conventional instructions in comparison with her English cousin. The things she may or may not do are exceedingly vague, and the independence of a lifetime shows in her isolation, for she scarcely remarks the stud nestling near to the parent stem. For one reason, the matrimonial market isn't an institution here. We have no titles for commoners to long for, very few millionaires, and a younger son is every whit as desirable as, and sometimes vastly more so than, his elder brother. Therefore, mamma need not warn, watch and exhort against eligibles, nor scheme, push and smile to secure desirable men whose position and net-roll would be nice to adopt in the family. Generally our debutantes have their court already in training, and are blases with not-out dances, knowing the step and manner of the young men they will meet as well as their own. They make their debut at a ball where their acquaintance is numerous and strangers the exception. There is no breathless excitement nor uncertainty about the affair, and as likely as not they are engaged, for most of the dances in advance by their summer partners at informal hops. Now and again some girl arrives from school abroad and brings ravishing frocks and a foreign manner, and the home chicks either cut her up relentlessly or rave over and flatter her "ad nauseam." But the debutante as a general rule does not cause the earth to tremble in this vicinity. She isn't smothered in flowers, and her presentation to the guests is in the shape of a picked to pieces for her virtues, as in some older circles, where those charms are liable to entrap some roue and titled husband. She is generally over-tired and over-excited, and she suffers accordingly, but she also generally has admirable sense and good nature, and wins through her first season reasonably well.

Talking of debutantes reminds me of a comical letter which came to this column some weeks ago. In view of the very funny little opera we are all laughing at this week, I think it comes in very neatly. It was from a woman, who wrote feelingly of the hard times enjoyed by the chaperone. "I have a daughter who insists that it is my duty and should be my pleasure to accompany her to theaters, balls, concerts and card parties (if I am included in the latter) six nights a week, and be a bright and lively hostess at afternoon teas and supper on Sundays, besides giving and attending luncheons, dinners, teas and suppers on week-days. I can stand anything which allows me to be in bed by twelve o'clock, for I am a very strong old woman, but the dances are the straw that breaks the camel's back. I cannot leave my girl at these dances, and I am breaking down my nerves by fatigue and loss of sleep in remaining with her until one and two o'clock. Now, Lady Gay, can't you suggest some way out of the trouble? Chaperones, however amiable, have a knack of becoming weary of sitting in an arm-chair chatting to each other, or to some non-dancing men, or yawning unnoticed and unperceived by themselves. Chaperones should demand some change in this deplorably tiresome state of affairs." Poor old, strong old woman! You are trying to square the circle. The only way you can manage is to be deaf, and call it a good thing, as you have no bouillon or a glass of mumm and a bit of bird before budding up to go home. It might be rigged up handy, so that the chaperones might waken up and take a peep out, to be sure everyone was doing as they should. Or, certain irreproachable gentlemen in poor circumstances might be engaged to chaperone young ladies in groups of half a dozen, and mamma could safely leave her darling eleven and go to bed, certain that Miss or Mrs. Chaperone would earn her money by unceasing care, and bring the young thing home at the hour indicated as the maternal limit. Any of these suggestions might be useful to the chaperone who has written such a truly pathetic and urgent appeal. LADY GAY.

A Miracle Explained.

The vagaries of memory are some of the most interesting of those connected with the human mind and body. Why do we forget certain things and remember others? Myriads of these irregularities are as yet unaccounted for, perhaps not even the cleverest metaphysician will ever account for them. Professor James reminds us how something which we have tried in vain to recall will afterward, when we have given up the attempt, "saunter into the mind," as Emerson says, as innocently as if it had never been summoned. Again, bygone experiences will revive after years of oblivion, often as the result of some cerebral disease or accident. Such a case is the one quoted by Coleridge of a young woman in Germany who could neither read nor write, but who was said to be possessed of a devil because, in a fever, she was heard raving in Latin, Greek, and in an obscure rabbinical dialect of Hebrew. Whole pages of her talk were written down, and were found to consist of sentences intelligible in themselves, but not having the slightest connection with one

another. To say that she was possessed of a devil was the easiest way of accounting for the matter. At last the mystery was cleared up by a physician, who traced back the girl's history until he learned that at the age of nine she was taken to live at the house of an old pastor, a great Hebrew scholar, and that she remained there until the pastor's death. It had been for years the old man's custom to walk up and down a passage near the kitchen, and read to himself in a loud voice. His books were examined, and among many of the passages taken down at the young woman's bedside were identified. The theory of demoniacal possession was abandoned.

All to Save a Cat.
Popular sympathy with a suffering animal and the readiness of the public to relieve such suffering were illustrated recently in St. Louis, when a man risked his life to rescue a cat from a narrow ledge on the side of a lofty water-tower. The cat had been pursuing a swallow, and, although it had climbed down to the ledge alone, was unable to climb back. For several days it remained a prisoner, one hundred and seventy-five feet from the ground, and suffering severely from hunger and thirst. The man who discovered the cat's predicament climbed the two hundred and twenty-five steps to the top of the tower, and was lowered by a rope to the ledge, forty feet below. The cat, crazed by its sufferings, fought vigorously, but was finally taken down in safety, and her rescuer, when he reached the ground, was greeted with cheers.

Friend Indeed.

Many is the poor Dyspeptic that has been happily led to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets through the advice of a friend. Never was better advice ever tendered one friend by another. Those who have used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, who have experienced their wonderful power over indigestion and all troubles of the stomach, should feel it their duty, when they meet some poor sufferer who is going through the misery they the use of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have escaped to put him in the way of finding relief from his affliction. Tell him what cured you. Tell him about Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. You know what they did for you. They will do the same for him. It costs you nothing to tell him, and it will be the means of restoring him to happiness. Thousands and thousands of people have been induced to take Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets through reading the testimony of some grateful convalescent in the papers. But far more have been first introduced to the knowledge of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets through the kind offices of some friend. Therefore you that know the value of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets tell your friends about them.

"Through the advice of a friend," writes Mrs. Amanda Guimond, Grand Metis, Que., "who told me to take Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, I found a cure for my Dyspepsia and Stomach troubles which had tortured me for years. I bought a box and had not taken them all before I felt ever so much better. I have now taken three boxes and am cured. You may publish this so as to help others, and I certainly will let all my friends know about Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

At the Window.

What aeth my Bess at the window-pane?
Counting the baby birds out in the rain?
Bessie, my baby,
I'm thinking that, maybe,
You're looking for Papa to come up the lane.

Mother is holding you; what would she do if the dearest little birdie should carry you through?
Or the rain, with a clatter,
Should tell her he wanted my little one too?

We'll look in the meadow—perhaps we shall see
Old Bessie—oh, there she is, under the tree,
Bawling and calling;
The even is falling—
I guess I can tell what the matter may be!

See! Someone is coming away up the lane,
Why, hullo! 'tis Papa returning again!
Bessie, my baby,
He'll see you, it may be!
Dear Papa and Baby! Were ever such twins?
—Della Leach.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

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Erin go Bragh.—This study is only in the first stages of development, and I don't think a delineation would be just. You would certainly not be pleased with it. True for you! There's no such sweet country!

Patricia.—Why did you write on lines? I so often beg my studies not to! There's no feeling, self-reliance, dominant will and love of power, practical nature, not very marked aim or ambition, care for detail, good reasoning powers and clear sequence of ideas, some love of beauty and grace of thought, and a generally even temperament. It does not show much culture or experience and

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might easily be quite youthful. Gennepurett.—I do not know where you could get the stones, but would recommend you to go to Ryrie's. He can tell you where to get them, and probably quote you prices. If you wish to write them, see our advertising columns for address. 2. Your writing is execrable. It shows mainly dissimulation and insincerity. You are generous, but apt to give and boast of it. Your idea that "women have a right to be taken care of" won't go. No woman, or very few women, get care and cherishing unless they make themselves charming and valuable to those in charge of them. I do most positively not agree with you that single life is best. The right kind of married life is the perfect life down here, my woman.

Chippawa.—There are no lucky or unlucky birthdays, but some conjunction of the planets may be unfortunate and hard to live down. There is a time when Saturn seems almost invincible in trying ways. I cannot tell your fortune, but this is the only way you are in. Your ruling constellation, or sign of the Zodiac rather, is Pisces, the fishes. You are pleasant and likable, rather erratic in impulse, and careless of effect. I think, you are careless, not very methodical, practical rather than romantic, and generally of an amiable turn.

Spinsters.—Our Ottawa people are delightful; so is your pretty city. I did enjoy a little hoot down there last month, and wonder if I came across you and Browne in the crowds. Those bright and beautiful were those three or four days and nights, and now splendid Parliament Hill has another charm, that fine statue of the good Queen! An Englishman told me they have none more pleasing in England. Were you there for the unveiling?—and did you see how modest Canada remained enveloped in the canvas until everyone had a good look at the Queen? I have a good memory of Ottawa in her "glad rags." I shall not see her again until she is in "lame and mink and oon skin." Au revoir, Spinster; maybe you'll do it again some time. I am glad your "character" seemed true to life.

Brownie.—There are felines and felines. The house cat differs from the lane cat in glory! You have more concentration, sharper judgment and a more aggressive and freer hand generally than Spinster. There is not much embroidery on your nature. You are not buoyant, and may sometimes be quite pessimistic. You are strong, alert, and I think exceedingly feminine in most ways. In some ways you are child-like, but she always has more sugar and you more ginger.

The Nightmarer.—I should think she had life by the wrong end of the stick, the house cat and the lane cat, you know, burnt end—the black end, you know. You need inspiration, the soft, sweet influence of wide, big thoughts, the communion of soul with soul. The belief that you have strength and aim divine enough and sure enough to lift you above the miasma of morbidity you are living within. There are ways by which you may lift yourself high out of all this chronic nightmare of despondency. Your writing and your soul and soul has its strong ambitions and its weak impulses, and now and then such fair, pleasant lines, all grace and beauty. You were not "infructing." That's one of your warped ideas. Life is worth living, and it is best to live it as worthily, faithfully and cheerfully as if we believed that. Brace up, now!

Ann-Annoum.—Is it nice to choose companions much your seniors? Well, I am very fond of old people for a change. Don't worry if a friend turns out deceitful. Lots of 'em do. They either don't at first know themselves whether they like you, and then find out that they don't, or they fall violently in love with what they think you are, and discover you are altogether different, or they simply tire of you. I never resent anyone achieving the latter state of mind. I'm so often tired, too. 2. You are generous, pleasant-tempered, brightly perceptive, somewhat frank and disposed to bestow confidence, energetic, enterprising and fond of display.

Joe R. Tommie, and B.M.K.—Kindly observe rules. Only one coupon is enclosed with three studies. Tommie is too crude for delineation, anyway. Youx-gris.—This study has force and concentration, but lacks breadth and enterprise. The writer seems to think and act in leading strings, and there is lack of inspiration which isn't what should be. I do not see any particular artistic touch in the study, which is very honest, simple and painstaking, but also crudely developed.

Rusticus.—There is a great deal of strength and purpose in this study. The writer probably has a good deal of enthusiasm and great self-reliance with abundant common sense, some sentiment

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The Triumph of Hope.

"NOWHERE else in life is the triumph of hope over other people's experience so beautifully illustrated as in matrimony," writes Dorothy Dix. "Every young couple who joyously step up the church aisle to the altar believe that they are going to be the one exception to the general rule, and that they will live in a perpetual honeymoon, where they will never want to do anything but gaze into each other's eyes and murmur vows of adoration."

"This is before taking. After taking they find out that they are like other people, and that they have unintentionally taken each other in with a show of virtues that they are not prepared to make good in everyday life. Many a man gets the jar of his life when he finds out that the being he has regarded as an angel has a temper like a fishwife, and many a bride sheds salt and bitter tears when she discovers that the hero of her romantic dreams eats onions, and swears a blue streak when his collar-button rolls under the bureau."

"Age and experience and previous records count for nothing, and no matter how often you may have seen the trial performances of the candidate for matrimony, you never know how he or she will turn out at last as a running mate. A young woman, for instance, who is of the clinging vine pattern, and desires a manly form about which to festoon herself, can have no assurance of future support upon the conduct of her lover. Because, in the days of courtship, he tenderly lifts her over a shadow on the carpet is no sign that after they are married he won't stalk along about four feet in front of her, and leave her to carry six bundles and the baby."

"Neither is there any way to tell beforehand whether a man's supply of patience and forbearance will be equal to the strain of the wear and tear of domestic life. Before marriage a man will accompany a girl shopping and stand around for six hours while she prices things, and assure her that he is enjoying it all and having the time of his life. But the married man who is detained five minutes while his wife purchases a spool of thread raises Sam Hill, and wants to know what on earth she was doing, and if she supposed he wants to spend the balance of his life in a department store?"

"So far as men are concerned, the venture is even more hazardous. Women are uncertain ever, and never a greater risk than in matrimony. Many a man who marries a saint gets a scold instead. The trimmest and daintiest and neatest dressed maiden in the community may need only the liberty of her own fireside to degenerate into a slovenly creature in dowdy wrappings and curt-painers, and no man living may prophesy when a fairy-like little thing will turn into a feminine heavyweight, with three chins and a figure like a feather bed."

"There's only one woman in a thousand who pursues the same tactics to keep a husband she did to catch one. Before she was married she listened to his stories with absorbed attention, she laughed at his jokes, and when he took her out was all animation and interest. After marriage she reminds him that she read his pet witicism in the comic papers, she interrupts his best story to say that the neighbor's cat is black, and at the theater she does not even try to make conversation between the acts. It does not take any Sherlock Holmes to tell when a man is enjoying the melancholy pleasure of taking his wife out."

The Raw-Food Fad.

THE eaters of raw food are feebly encouraged by the editor of "Good Health," who remarks that what-ever may be said of uncooked food, it is certainly preferable to food badly cooked. He says: "Just now the raw-food diet threatens to become a fad. Certainly many people are experimenting with this new dietetic idea. Fortunately it is not a very dangerous one. On the whole, much more mischief is done by bad cookery than could ever possibly result from the use of raw food, and there can be no doubt that it would be far better for the average man or woman to adopt an absolutely raw diet, and eat everything which he could possibly eat or relish, in a perfectly raw state than to swallow into his stomach the horrible messes which are concocted by the average cook. If the writer had to take his chances between raw food and the food found upon the average table, he would certainly dine with nature every time. Raw potatoes would be far less likely to do mischief in the alimentary canal than fried potatoes, Saratoga chips, or even ordinary baked potatoes well buttered while hot. Raw beefsteak, dripping and quivering, from the side of a freshly slaughtered animal, is probably

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BOVRIL

Served hot, is the best thing a football player can drink.

It strengthens, makes muscle, develops great powers of endurance. At all cafes and bars.

one of the most digestible of all known foods, although certainly not the same as steak, dried and fried on the griddle along with burnt butter and salt, is only a little more digestible than a bit of sole-leather. Raw wheat would certainly digest after a lengthy pergrination, but the same wheat made into doughnuts, griddle-cakes, pie crust, or noodles, might tarry for a lengthy period in some nook along the digestive highway without undergoing that transmutation by which harmless food-stuffs are converted into live blood and vitalized tissues. It is safer on the whole for man to take his food as he finds it in its natural state than to take it as he finds it on the table of the average boarding-house or hotel. In other words, it is far safer for man to receive his food straight from the hands of his Maker, than from the hands of a French cook. The raw-food idea is not to be hastily condemned nor too much encouraged. It will open the eyes of a multitude of people to the evils of our present ways in diet, and certainly will serve a purpose in pointing toward the natural way in diet, from which the civilized portion of the race has wandered so far astray. Our natural-food friends only need to drop off a few coarse and comparatively un-nutritious as well as unpalatable food-stuffs to find themselves in the perfect way in diet which was marked out for man in the beginning, and in which our nearest relatives, the gorilla, chimpanzee and orang-outang, are still walking.

Consumptive People

Can Secure Renewed Health and Strength.

The Rich, Red Blood Made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Gives New Strength to Every Nerve, Fibre and Organ of the Body.

From the "Budget," Shelburne, N.S.
Among the young ladies of Shelburne there is none to-day who more fully bears the impress of perfect health than Miss Lillian Durfee. Unfortunately this was not always the case, as a few years ago Miss Durfee became ill, and her friends feared that she was going into decline. A doctor was called in and prescribed, but his medicines did not have the desired effect. Her strength gradually left her, her appetite failed, she had frequent headaches, was very pale, and finally grew so weak that a walk of a few rods would completely fatigue her. The young lady's family sorrowfully observed that she was steadily failing, and feared that consumption would claim her as a victim. One day a friend urged that she should give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, but the idea at first was not favorably entertained; it seemed hopeless to expect that any medicine would help her after the doctor's treatment had failed. However, this good friend still urged and finally prevailed. By the time the third box was used there was an unmistakable improvement in Miss Durfee's condition. Cheered by this, the pills were continued, and in the course of a few weeks the former invalid, whose strength was taxed by the slightest exertion, was almost restored to health. The use of the pills was still continued, and a few weeks more found Miss Durfee again enjoying perfect health.

To a reporter who interviewed her she said: "I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I earnestly recommend them to all who fear that consumption has laid its grasp upon them."

That the facts related above are not in any way exaggerated is borne out by the following statement from Robert G. Irwin, Esq., the well-known stipendiary magistrate for the municipality, who says: "I distinctly remember the pale face of Miss Lillian Durfee and the regrets of friends as they expressed their conviction that she would soon be compelled to say farewell to earth. Miss Durfee, however, carries the unmistakable credentials of good health, and frequently expresses her indebtedness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Pale and anaemic girls, or young people with consumptive tendencies, will find renewed health and bodily

vigor through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills are an unfailing cure for all diseases due to a watery condition of the blood, or shattered nerves. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent postpaid on receipt of 50c. a box, or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Surgery by Steam.

A SURGICAL operation performed under necessity by an amateur in the Maine woods was quite as remarkable as the operations of city specialists, who are provided with almost perfect implements and elaborate conveniences. The accident was a dislocated shoulder, and the extempore surgeon's outfit was of a kind hitherto unused in professional practice. It is described by a writer in the Lewiston "Journal."

Old Sabattus was not an Indian, as the nickname implies, but a Yankee guide. One autumn he was left on a steamboat at one of the upper landings on Moosehead Lake while the engineer went ashore with some guests. A man named Meserve came aboard, and in fooling around the boat managed to fall into the fire-pit and put his shoulder out of joint. Here was a dilemma. The other members of the party would not be back for half an hour, and the injured man was in great pain.

The guide was a man of expedients. He got a rope and tied his patient securely to a post. Then he tied another rope around the man's wrist and fastened the loose end of it to a pulley of the engine. He managed somehow to turn on steam, and the pulley began to wind up the rope.

It drew the arm out tight in beautiful shape, and presently the joint snapped back into its socket. Then Sabattus jumped around to shut off steam, while the pulley kept on winding.

"How does it go? I don't know where it is!" gasped the guide, excitedly. "I can't stop the blamed thing!" And the pulley meanwhile was slowly but surely pulling the patient to pieces. His eyes were sticking out of their sockets, and he screamed and gasped for breath.

Sabattus danced around like a wild man, not knowing what to do, when he happened to spy a hatchet lying near, and, jumping for that, he cut the rope.

Some years afterward a lot of summer company arrived at Greenville. Sabattus was there, too, and presently a distinguished-looking man, one of the newcomers, went up to him and said, with a meaning smile, "Aren't you the man who practices surgery by steam?" Sabattus admitted that he was "that same feller."

The Round of Pleasure.

Squirrel, squirrel, in your wheel, Tell me, squirrel, do you feel, Whirling, whirling, idly busy, Never bored or never dizzy? Will that walled-in, steep, blind alley Open in some pleasant valley One day, think you? Or, each time In that motor-wheel you climb, Do you leave (in fancy) home, And where fancy leads you roam, Over tree-tops, dainty mossy, Into hollow tree-trunks cozy, Crunching acorns, cheerily chattering, Over velvet mosses patterling, Till when tired fancy flees, And your motor-wheel, spent, lags, Back again at your own door, Glad to settle down once more, You alight then? Little brother, I too have just such another Wheel, which racing in I measure Hours and hours, and call it pleasure. Yet, small friend, between us two, I get very bored. Do you? —Jefferson Fletcher.

A Famous Necklace.

The famous pearl necklace of the Countess Castiglione, which has just been sold by auction to a French jewelry dealer for eighty-four thousand three hundred dollars, is one of the most beautiful things of its kind in existence. The piece consists of two hundred and seventy-nine pearls, which are threaded on five strings. Each string was put up separately and knocked down to different bids. Crunberg of Paris succeeded in securing all of them, thus giving him possession of the beautiful necklace in its entirety.

The countess was an eccentric character. To punish France for having become a republic she shut herself up in her house and never let the light of day shine on her, contenting herself with candles and gas. At the same time she abolished mirrors from her apartments, and thus spared herself the pain of looking at her face as it aged.

Very Facetious.



Playwright—I'm a broken man.
Critic—I think you are. I've seen your pieces.

Pale, Languid, Nerve-shattered

Was d Nerves and Weakness? Bodily Give Way to Suffering and disease—The remarkable Action of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

There are hosts of people who are susceptible to attack of various kinds of illness. Their symptoms are ever ready to take on disease. They bend under the slightest trial, and their health is jeopardized by every trivial exposure. They lack resisting power, and health declines because there is no nerve force to make good the waste by disease.

At first slight weakness, stomach annoyance, headache, heart fluttering, trembling of the hands and limbs, restless sleep, indicate something is lacking—that something is nerve force. Until the stock of nerve force is replenished the pace of declining health will increase, until lost vitality is expressed in every move.

Pale, languid, nerve-shattered people find exactly what they require in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It supplies the wants of wasted nerves, rebuilds the wasted cells, and renews the blood. Its wonderful cures are due to the fact that it restores natural nerve force, and it is lack of nerve force that causes most suffering these days. Brain, nerves, heart, stomach, nerves, give out, and all sorts of troubles follow.

Mrs. M. A. McCrea, Troy Hill, Ont., writes: "My system was all run down when I began to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I was weak and very nervous, and felt so tired and worn out that I could scarcely drag myself about the house. It seemed impossible for me to get rest or sleep at night, and I felt that I was gradually growing weaker and more nervous and irritable. Since beginning the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I feel altogether different. It has gradually strengthened my nerves and built up my system wonderfully. I sleep well now, and am being thoroughly restored to health and strength. I believe it is the best medicine to be had for the nerves."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50. At all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A Prophecy.

Some eight or nine months ago a self-appointed prophet, residing, as his fellows generally do, on the Continent,

EMMA CALVE

The Grand Opera Singer



EMMA CALVE writes:

I followed the advice to cure my cold; I took hot grogs with your delicious wine, and it enabled me to sing "Carmen" last evening. With my sincerest thanks,
EMMA CALVE.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.

THE HIGHEST GRADE TEA OBTAINABLE ANYWHERE.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea. Gold label at 60 cents per pound by all Grocers. Have you ever tried it?



COAL AND WOOD



20 King Street West.
415 Yonge Street.
793 Yonge Street.
204 Wellesley Street.
306 Queen Street East.
415 Spadina Avenue.
1352 Queen Street West.
578 Queen Street West.
Esplanade East, near Berkeley.
Esplanade East, near Church.
Bathurst Street, opposite Front St.
369 Bape Avenue, at G.T.R. Crossing.
1131 Yonge Street, at C.P.R. Crossing.

The ELIAS ROGERS CO., Limited

predicted that in about two centuries the lunatic asylums all over the world would be empty. Let, however, the actual generations should rejoice in anticipation of the happy condition of their posterity, he proceeded to explain, and the explanation, though short, was to the point, and did not lack a substratum of far-seeing philosophy. The madhouses would be untenanted not because there would not be any demented people, but because there would not be a sufficient number of sane folk to conduct them thither and to sequester them.

Who Loves The Trees Best?

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Spring.
"Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," Summer said,
"I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Fall,
"I give luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?
"I love them best,"
Harsh Winter answered,
"I give them rest."
—Alice May Douglas.

New Words.

Many new words have been brought into use by the automobile. The correct word for a private collection of automobiles, equivalent to "stable," seems to afford considerable difficulty. "Motorbarn," "motorome," "motor-den," "motorium," "motorshed" and "motable" have all been suggested. The French term "garage" would be a good one if it was not used for designating a place simply for storing and repairing automobiles.

He Didn't Dare.

Mrs. Oldun—I hope you and your husband live happily together. Mrs. Strongmind—I should say we do. I'd just like to see him try to live unhappily with me.—Philadelphia "Record."



Coke Dandruff Cure Hair Tonic

For Falling Hair, Dandruff, Eczema and Irritation of the Scalp. It keeps the Hair and Scalp in a thoroughly healthy condition. Try it once and you will use no other. Sold by druggists. Price 30c. and \$1.00.



Our Bottled Ales are not carbonated—they are brewed from the finest malt and hops only, are fully matured in wood and bottle and are therefore pure and wholesome as well as mellow and delicious.

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Want Your Clothes Pressed?

'Phone Main 1862 and we will do the rest. Reasonable prices and the best work.
A card or 'phone will bring you our prices.

Cheesworth's Clothes Press
130 KING STREET WEST

O'Keefe's Special

Turn It Upside Down

—DRINKS IT ALL
—NO DRESS
—NOT CARBONATED

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented. A single trial will convince.

To be had at all hotels and dealers

The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto Limited

St. George's Hall (Elm Street)
Classes reopen for Fall Term, Tuesday, Oct. 1.
Students' Dancing Class (Ladies and Gentlemen), Tuesday and Friday, 5 to 6 p.m., now forming. Prospectus mailed on application.

Chickering

WE have just received from the factory at Boston a beautiful assortment of both Upright and Grand Pianos by the world-renowned firm of Chickering & Sons. Our stock, with the addition of these superb pianos, is the most beautiful we have ever shown. Intending purchasers of pianos will do well to visit us at the present time.

The Mason & Risch
Piano Co., Limited
32 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

..Pianos..

Giles

Caterer and Confectioner

Estimates for catering cheerfully furnished. Private dinners prepared for families in their homes.

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At some of our New Lines of—

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ENAMEL WARE

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440-442 YONGE ST.

A Captivating Complexion

No wrinkles, freckles, pimples, skin muddiness if you use the pure skin food.

Campana's Italian Balm

It gives a magic charm to face and hands. At most drug stores, or mailed to any address on receipt of 25c. by

The Hutchings Medicine Co., Toronto

Fairweather's

Fine Fur Jackets



84 Yonge St.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Walter D. Steele (nee Thayer) will receive at 78 Pembroke street on the afternoons of Wednesday and Thursday, October 30 and 31, and afterwards on Monday at 542 Church street.

Miss May Biggar, youngest daughter of the late James Lyons Biggar, M.P., and Mr. Richard Arthur Bull of the Bank of Montreal, Belleville, were quietly married at St. Andrew's Church on Thursday, October 17, in the presence of a number of relatives and friends. Mr. C. R. W. Biggar, brother of the bride, gave her away. She was unattended.

Mrs. Julius Miles gave a large tea to a number of the girl friends of her daughters last week, the afternoon of Friday being the date. Miss Eva Miles, the second daughter, made her debut at the Victoria ball last evening, and repeated the success of her more petite elder sister, Miss Mary Miles, last season. On Friday she stood beside her mother and received the arch greetings of other girls who have the experience of at least one season, looking very fair and nice in her shimmering white gown, with guimpe and sleeves of lace and touches of silver trimming. A bevy of girls with Mrs. Harry Patterson in charge were in the tea-room, and had a busy and thoroughly good time looking after their friends. Miss Lola Henderson, who is very popular everywhere, was busy as a bee in the same graceful service. The tea-table was done in pink, in an unusually pretty and effective design. Ribbons, roses and ferns being used. Miss Gordon of Kingston, who is visiting Miss Barker, and Miss Higginson of England, who is everywhere a belle, were out-of-town guests.

Sir Frederick Young, a cultured and rather venerable Englishman, was the guest of Doctor Parkin at Upper Canada College last week, and was much observed at the reunion last Friday. Mrs. and Miss Melbourne of Queens-town, Australia, are spending a short time in town, and are at the Queen's. Mr. Hamilton Gibb of Warwick is another English visitor in town. Miss Bessie Gordon of Kingston is the guest of Miss Marion Barker. Mrs. S. Murray Jarvis is visiting her people in Huron street. Miss Higginson is visiting Mrs. St. George Baldwin. Mrs. G. L. Staunton of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Hal Osler. Miss Ruby Ramsay, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Gordon Osler, is to make her debut in Montreal next month. Mrs. Samuel Alcorn, whose timely and pretty gift of white wraps to the Royal chorus was so much appreciated, has decided to go south for the winter, and has leased her house, 143 Bloor street west, to Mr. Douglas Stewart.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Wilmut Skae and Mr. James Seymour Porter will take place next Saturday morning, November 2, in St. Stephen's Church, College street.

Miss Lewis of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. John Bruce, Beecher street. Miss Ella Walker of Montreal is visiting friends in Toronto. Mrs. Michie and Mrs. Cowan have returned from England. Captain Michie went to New York to meet them. Mrs. A. D. Langmuir came back last week from Crescent Island, Georgian Bay, where she had been stopping with Miss Currie. Mrs. Sloane and her family have returned from Wellesley place, where their beautiful home has been so long a pleasant Mecca for their hosts of friends. The place was sold by the landlord, and the family have removed to 65 Wellesley street. Captain Charles J. Armstrong is here on leave from South Africa.

It isn't a bit good news to the Toronto friends of gallant Archie Macdonell that he, having tasted the real thing in soldiering, cannot elude his hunger with peaceful routine. So he is off early next month to Africa again—to the West Coast this time, where there are and will be constant doings in the way of keeping the black kings in order. Good fortune, promotion and honor go with long Mac, say all his good friends here!

Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander and Mrs. Wallbridge are some of the hostesses who will begin receiving in November.

Mrs. W. Percival Eby, (nee Locke), will hold her post-nuptial receptions at 32 Lowther avenue on Thursday, October 31, and Friday, November 1, and will afterwards be at home on the first and third Fridays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Kemp have removed to 119 Wellesley Crescent, where Mrs. Kemp will receive on the second and third Mondays of the month.

Mrs. Philip C. Palin of Collingwood, formerly Miss Dorothy Harris, and one of last season's loveliest brides, is home for a short visit to her people in Tyndall avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Monk have returned from the Ottawa district and have taken up their residence at 458 Markham street.

Mr. and Mrs. Noel Marshall have taken up their residence at their new home, 623 Sherbourne street. Mrs. Marshall will be at home the first and third Mondays instead of Fridays, as formerly.

A very quiet but interesting golden wedding celebration took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Freeman, 185 Sully street, on Sunday, the 13th inst. Although the direct issue of the marriage amounts to twelve sons and daughters, who are all living, they are so widely scattered that the attendance (with the exception of friends of the family) was comparatively small, three daughters being in Dawson City, including Faith Penlon Brown, special correspondent of the Globe, and other members of the family are in Oregon, Assiniboia, Sault Ste. Marie, New Jersey, Ingersoll and Barrie. The children present on this occasion were Miss Mary Freeman of Barrie, Mr. W. H. Freeman of Toronto, Mr. F. J. Freeman of Toronto, and Miss Rose Freeman, who resides with her parents, and a number of the grandchildren.

TAYLOR'S WILD ROSE PERFUME.

A SUITABLE GIFT.

10 Cents

brings you an attractive sample bottle of Taylor's Wild Rose Perfume as well as a tiny calendar for 1902. : : : JOHN TAYLOR & CO., 77 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO.

A. O. H. CONCERT

Tenders for first-class Sopranos, Contraltos, Tenors, Baritone and Humorsists for above concert to be held in Massey Hall on Monday evening, March 17th, 1902, will be received up to Nov. 27th. Address—WM. E. R. 177 Clarence St., Toronto

WELSMAN-KLINGENFELD Recital
Association Hall, Thursday, Oct. 31

FRANK WELSMAN (Piano)
HERB KLINGENFELD (Violin)
ASSISTED BY
MRS. LEONORA JAMES-KENNEDY (Soprano)
Tickets 50c., 75c. and \$1.00.
Plan opens at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, 185 Yonge Street, on Monday, October 28.

WALKER-BLACHFORD RECITAL
Association Hall, Thursday, Nov. 7

MISS ELLA WALKER (Soprano)
FRANK E. BLACHFORD (Violin)
Assisted by MR. J. D. A. TRIPP (Piano)
Accompanist—MRS. H. M. BLIGHT
Seats 50c., 75c. and \$1.00. Plan opens at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, 185 Yonge St., Monday, Nov. 4.

Position Wanted

as lady's companion. No objection to traveling. References. Box "C," Saturday Night.

CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM

OF THE SLOOP "SPRAY"
Will Tell His Delightful Story
"Sailing Alone Around the World."
On Friday, November 8th,
at 8.15 p.m.

AT THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Seats 50c. May be reserved at Tyrrell's Bookshop after Monday, November 4.

The Cavalier

By George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days."

Critics say there never has been a story of the American Civil War like this one, and it will rank as one of the greatest novels of the South.

Eight full-page drawings by Howard Chandler Christy. Cloth, \$1.25. At all Bookstores.

The Copp, Clark Co., Limited
Publishers, Toronto

The still comparatively young and vigorous couple have been residents of Ontario for over forty-six years, having spent two years previously in New York City, and were married in London, England, at the close of the first great Industrial Exhibition, in 1851. Mr. Freeman is an enthusiastic lover of music, and was well and favorably known as choirmaster for a period of over thirty years successively of St. John's Church, Bowmansville; Trinity Church, Barrie, and Christ Church, R. E., of the same town. The presents from those both present and absent were of a character suitable to the occasion, including a handsome diamond ring to the much loved mother. After a substantial dejeuner the evening was spent in pleasant conversation and sacred music, as befitting the character of the day, and hearty wishes for the long life, health and prosperity of the principal figures in this happy gathering.

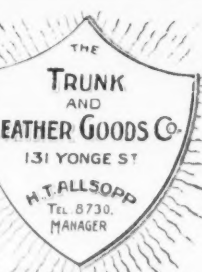
The marriage of Miss E. Lucy Owen, daughter of the late Rev. Edward Owen, to the Rev. S. Sidney Heathcote will take place from the home of Lady Hughes, Kensington West, London, England, on the 29th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bertram of 91 Spencer avenue, Parkdale, will be spending the next few months in Montreal, where Mr. Bertram has gone to take charge of a department in His Majesty's Customs. They expect to return to the city again before spring.

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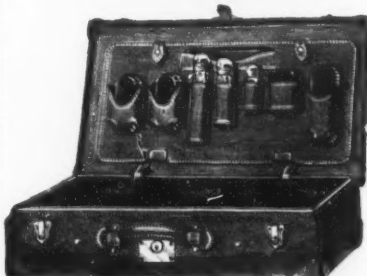


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The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company owns and operates 6,000 miles of thoroughly equipped railway.

It operates its own Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars, and the service is first-class in every respect.

It traverses the best portion of the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, South and North Dakota.

It runs electric-lighted, steam-heated trains.

It has the absolute block system. It uses all modern appliances for the comfort and safety of its patrons. Its train employees are civil and obliging.

It tries to give each passenger "value received" for his money; and it asks every man, woman and child to buy tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway—for it is a Great Railway.

Time-tables, maps and information furnished on application to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 8 King street east, Toronto.

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ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON
Author of "Wild Animals I Have Known"

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Kraz, the Kootenay Ram.
A Street Troubadour, being the Adventures of a Cock Sparrow.
Johnny Bear.
The Mother Seal and the Overland Route.
Chink: The Development of a Pup.
The Kangaroo Rat.
Tito: The Story of the Coyote that Learned How.
Why the Chickadee Goes Crazy Once a Year.

Square, 12 mo., \$2.00

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WEEK MONDAY 28
Starting OCTOBER

"THE MERRY JINGLE"
THE 'NEW' TELEPHONE GIRL

Company of Forty CLEVER PEOPLE
20 GIRLY CHORUS 20

PRICES First 12 Rows ... 75c. MATS. 25 and 50
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MATINEES DAILY. EVENING PRICES.
all seats 25c. 25 and 50c.

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If there's one fur that always retains its original nativeness — always looks neat and stylish — it's the Persian Lamb. We pride ourselves on the fact that ours is all specially selected by our experts in the foreign marts, and we do not accept any but solid and small, neatly curled fur.

By buying direct we save money for you. By manufacturing all our garments on the premises, we guarantee you satisfaction in fit and tailoring. The quality always the best.

Persian Lamb Jackets in different lengths and all the newest New York, London and Paris styles—

\$75.00 to \$150.00.

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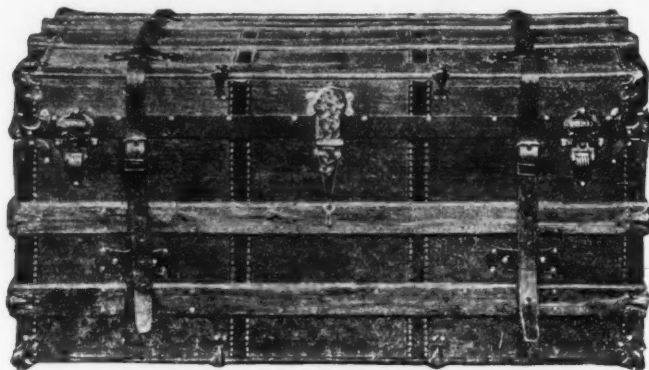
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Cor. YONGE & TEMPERANCE STREETS

The Special Feature of Our Trunks,
Nos. 864 and 865, is the

Rubber Cushion Corner

It consists of a heavy piece of solid rubber set in a cup behind a metal ball. When the trunk is thrown heavily on any corner the jar is not felt.



We mark as desired and send express charges paid.

No. 865—LADY'S DRESS TRUNK

Is leather bound, with two straps, rubber cushion corners, brass clamps, every corner and clamp riveted, lined with deep hat tray and dress tray.

32 inch, \$13.00. ★ 34 inch, \$14.00. ★ 36 inch, \$15.00.

No. 864 is a MAN'S TRUNK

Made identical with 865 only 4 inches shallower.

32 inch, \$12.00. ★ 34 inch, \$13.00. ★ 36 inch, \$14.00.

Send for our 80-page Illustrated Catalogue describing our other lines of Traveling Goods.

The JULIAN SALE

Leather Goods Co., Limited

105 KING STREET WEST

The Outcasts

The Outcasts
By W. A. Fraser

Mr. Fraser has again added to his laurels. "The Outcasts," his new animal book, is now ready, and we predict a sale not surpassed by his justly popular work "Mooswa," which met with such favor as a holiday book last year. The work is beautifully illustrated by Mr. A. Heming, the inimitable animal illustrator.

Cloth, net, \$1.00

For Sale Everywhere William Briggs, Publisher, 29 35 Richmond St. West, Toronto

Social and Personal.

Miss Maud Dwight is home from England. Miss Florence McArthur is, I hear, going across shortly.

St. Simon's Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding at half-past two on Wednesday, when Miss Ina Beatrice Keighley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Keighley, was married to Mr. Frank Elliott Moulson, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Edward Cayley. The bride wore a gown of white silk crepe de chene, trimmed with Venetian point lace, and tuckings of chiffon on the bodice, a veil and orange blossom, and carried a shower bouquet of roses and lilies of the val-

ley. Miss Margaret Keighley, cousin of the bride, was maid of honor, in pink voile, with black picture hat, and bouquet of pink roses. Miss Edith Keighley, sister of the bride, and Miss Edith Moulson, sister of the bridegroom, were bridesmaids, wearing cream voile and black hats, and carrying pink roses. Mr. Mark Ansley acted as groomsmen, and the ushers were Messrs. W. H. Keighley, Clare Bennett, Murray Woodbridge and Colin Harbottle. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 31 Winchester street, after the ceremony, when the dejeuner was served, the decorations of the tables being pink roses on centers of chifferoi. Mr. and Mrs. Moulson left by the evening train for a trip in the Eastern

ANGELUS Piano Player.



The original Flute effects, Violin effects, etc., are brought into play, combined with the Piano, making a veritable orchestra. No other piano player like it or will do what the ANGELUS can.

Any One Can Play It. It Plays Any Piano.

Endorsed by highest musical authority — Josef Hofmann, Marcella Sembrich, Jean de Reszke, Edouard de Reszke and many others of note.

All interested are invited to call at any time at the ware-rooms of the

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5 KING STREET EAST.

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Fur Lined Circulars, Ruffs and Fancy Ties in Russian, Hudson's Bay and Alaska Sable : : : : :
Our Evening Wraps are models of perfection. : : : : :

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HOLT, RENFREW & CO.

TORONTO and QUEBEC

States, and on their return will reside in Isabella street. The bride went away in a gown of blue homespun with a cream blouse, and a hat of blue panne.

The will of the late Senator G. W. Allan of Moss Park makes a comfortable provision for his wife and only unmarried daughter. Mrs. and Miss Audry Allan are, I hear, going abroad for the winter. Mrs. Allan had overtaxed her strength while her husband was ill, and will doubtless benefit by a change to milder climates during the winter.

The long anxiety about Mr. Massey's health has stirred the sympathy of many in Toronto. A useful and good life hanging in the balance, with everything earth could give to make it happy, and the love of a devoted family, backed by the esteem of many friends, all waiting sorrowfully the end of the long struggle, scarcely daring to hope at time of writing! So sad comes death to give us pause in our merriest hours, even if he pass by reluctantly.

Mrs. Caven of Spadina road gave a reception on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Charles Temple of St. George street gave a tea yesterday. Mrs. James Henderson has had the misfortune to sprain her ankle. Mr. and Mrs. Crease are settled at 163 Huron street, where Mrs. and Miss Crease will receive on Wednesdays. Miss Peplar is out from England on a visit of some duration to Mr. and Mrs. Peplar, in Spadina road.

Mrs. Charles Fuller and her family are settled in their new home in Rosedale, and on Friday of last week Mrs. Fuller gave a smart tea, which was, I believe, the housewarming. Mrs. Ham of Montreal is visiting Mrs. Fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Rowell are now settled at 87 Crescent road, Rosedale, where Mrs. Rowell will receive on the first and second Mondays.

Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald has quite recovered her health and has announced her post-nuptial reception for November 5 and 6, Tuesday and Wednesday week, at 611 Spadina avenue.

A pretty party of equestrians swept out of Chudleigh gates on Wednesday afternoon for a country ride, and bows and smiles were exchanged with the usual fashionable contingent who were calling in that vicinity.

Miss Margaret Huston sailed on the Commonwealth from Boston on Wednesday for Europe for another year's study. During the summer she has been in Toronto with her family, and her friends have been delighted to observe what progress she has made in developing her always beautiful voice. She is so thoroughly an earnest and devoted student that no success will be too marked as her reward.

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt and her mother, Mrs. Simpson, have spent most of the summer in Switzerland, and are likely to remain abroad for some time longer.

Mrs. Charles Boeckh gave a housewarming tea on Tuesday afternoon at her very handsome new home, 244 St. George street, in which she is luxuriously settled, and where, with her pretty silver-haired mother, she welcomed a great many ladies at the tea-hour. Mrs. Boeckh is fair and petite, and was beautifully gowned in white, richly embroidered and very becoming. The house was thrown open upstairs and down, and D'Alessandro's orchestra played on the upper landing. A profusion of roses, carnations and

ferns was everywhere used in decoration, the drawing-room mantel being banked with green and lightened with pink 'mums. In the music-room, with cosy easy chairs and a lovely piano, the quieter folk found a restful place to chat. In the dining-room was set a buffet, done in pink, and served most elegantly with all the newest temptations to spoil one's dinner. Among the many well gowned women I noticed Mrs. Widmer Hawke, Mrs. R. S. Newville, Mrs. Ed. Cox, Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. and Miss Curran Morrison, Mrs. J. D. King, Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. Giles Williams, Mrs. Goodwin Gibson, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. S. F. McKinnon, Mrs. and Miss Reid, Mrs. Ferrier and Mrs. Edward Fisher.

Mrs. McNab of 120 Wells street will receive during the season on the first and second Fridays of the month.

Mrs. Walter G. Lumbers (nee Mellick) held her post-nuptial reception on Tuesday at her new home, 73 Huntley street, which is all that a bride's residence should be in daintiness and luxury. The bride received a great many visitors, and was assisted by her mother-in-law, bright and genial Mrs. Lumbers, and by her sister-in-law, a young matron, Mrs. McConnell. The bridecake and all the dainties of a "five o'clock" were dispensed in the dining-room by a party of pretty girls. The table was garlanded in green, with wreaths of smilax and pink ribbons, and was set with pink roses and carnations. It was all very pretty and artistic. Mrs. Lumbers will receive on the first and third Mondays. This menage makes the third which is established in Toronto by sons of Mr. and Mrs. Lumbers, who are happy in having sons and daughters settled in their close neighborhood.

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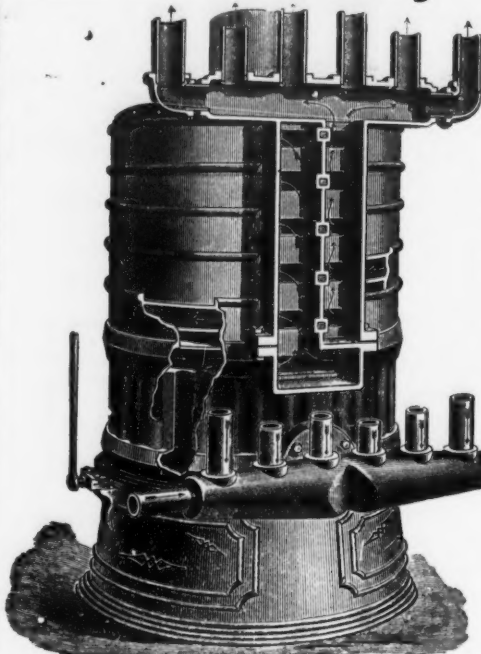
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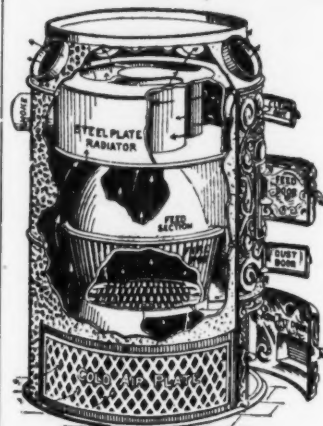
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McAllister—Oct. 6, Toronto, Mrs. George D. McAllister, a son.
Reburn—Oct. 17, Toronto, Mrs. E. T. Reburn, a son.

Marriages.

Bull—Bigger—Oct. 17, Toronto, Richard A. Bull to Mary Bigger.
Ellis—Jacks—Oct. 16, Eglinton, Fitzallen M. Ellis to Lillian L. Jacks.
Noble—Crozier—Oct. 14, Toronto, Rev. W. T. Noble, B.A., to Margaret J. Crozier.
Home—Bertram—Oct. 16, Toronto, Charles M. Home to Helen S. Bertram.
Campbell—Sproat—Oct. 16, Milton, John M. Campbell to Isabel G. D. Sproat.
Tulloch—Armstrong—Oct. 19, Toronto, George M. Tulloch to Louisa S. Armstrong.
Stone—Harrison—Oct. 19, Toronto, Harold A. Stone to Lillian Maude Harrison.
Briggs—Hill—Oct. 23, Toronto, J. Marvin Briggs to Anna Evelyn Hill.
Maulson—Keighley—Oct. 23, Toronto, Frank Elliott Maulson to Ina Beatrice Keighley.

Deaths.

Armstrong—Oct. 23, Toronto, Robert Armstrong, aged 59.
Back—Oct. 23, Toronto, John Back, aged 70.
Strachan—Oct. 23, Toronto, John Strachan, aged 67.
Gale—Oct. 22, Toronto, Mary Gale, aged 68 years.
Wallace—Oct. 22, Toronto, Sylvia R. Wallace, in her 12th year.
Drury—Oct. 21, Toronto, Wilfrid Drury, aged 24.
Snider—Oct. 20, Toronto, Ann Janet Snider, aged 62.
Gordon—Oct. 18, Toronto, James Gordon, aged 78.
Francis—Oct. 16, Gore Bay, William Stoten Francis, aged 68.
MacLeod—Oct. 18, Toronto, John MacLeod, aged 80.
Read—Sept. 27, Toronto, William Frederick Read, aged 57.
Kipp—Oct. 20, Toronto, Annie R. Kipp, in her 46th year.
Cummings—Oct. 20, Toronto, Thomas Cummings, aged 79.
Collier—Oct. 17, St. Catharines, James Collier, aged 65 years.

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Births.

Huffman—Oct. 23, Toronto, Mrs. L. Huffman, a son.
Brown—Oct. 20, Toronto, Mrs. J. Francis Brown, a daughter.
Laughlin—Oct. 19, Toronto, Mrs. C. E. Laughlin, a son.
Macfarlane—Oct. 19, Toronto, Mrs. George H. Macfarlane, a son.
Jones—Oct. 20, Toronto, Mrs. J. D. Jones, a daughter.
Lee—Oct. 20, Winnipeg, Mrs. Edgar S. Lee, a son.
McMillan—Oct. 20, Toronto, Mrs. Thomas McMillan, a son.
Gale—Oct. 20, Toronto, Mrs. J. William Gale, a daughter.
Cutthbertson—Oct. 19, Toronto, Mrs. John Cutthbertson, a daughter.
Woodruff—Oct. 20, Hamilton, Mrs. William E. Woodruff, a son.
Edgar—Oct. 19, Toronto, Mrs. J. F. Edgar, a daughter.
Kerr—Oct. 19, Toronto, Mrs. W. A. H. Kerr, a daughter.
Porter—Oct. 6, Toronto, Mrs. W. A. Porter, a daughter.
Pretty—Oct. 7, Toronto, Mrs. Daniel Pretty, twin girls.

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